THE NEW ENGLAND QUARTERLY

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An Historical Review of New England Life and Letters

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Volume XV Number 3

September, 1942

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THE NEW ENGLAND QUARTERLY

SEPTEMBER, 1942

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS

SINCE the appearance of the June issue of the *New England Quarterly,* Professor Perry Miller, of Harvard, has been called into military service with the rank of Major in the Reserve Officers' Corps, and has consequently relinquished active participation on the Board of Editors. The first election to fill the vacancies on the Board caused by military withdrawals is that of Stewart Mitchell, Esquire, of Gloucester, Massachusetts, who for many years piloted the *Quarterly* through its most difficult period. Further withdrawals and replacements may be expected as later exigencies due to the War may make necessary.

It is gratifying to learn that the *Kenyon Review,* one of the ablest and most vigorous of current periodicals in the field of scholarly criticism, is assured of continuance during the War, through "the generosity of more than a hundred donors"; and furthermore that the *Review* has contracted to fill out the unexpired subscriptions of the late *Southern Review,* whose discontinuance we noted with regret in the March issue. Messrs. Cleanth Brooks, Jr., and Robert Penn Warren, former editors of the *Southern Review,* have joined the *Kenyon* staff as advisory editors.

The attention of readers and of libraries is called to the list on pages 577-586 of reprints of a number of articles which have appeared in earlier issues of the *New England Quarterly*, now available for sale in very limited numbers. Queries or requests should be directed to the Managing Editor, 200 Stevens Hall, Orono, Maine. The price in each case is twenty-five cents.

Readers of this issue of the *Quarterly* may observe a preponderance of essays dealing with New England writers and their works. For some reason, scholars and chroniclers in this field have been of late more productive than have the social, political, and economic historians for this section. Several offerings of primarily local, antiquarian, or personal interest have had to be rejected, but the editors would welcome substantial and well written contributions dealing with any significant aspect of New England history from the seventeenth century to the twentieth.

VOX CLAMANTIS
EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON AS A CRITIC OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY

LOUISE DAUNER

I

IN 1921, in a personal letter, Edwin Arlington Robinson wrote, "The whole Western world is going to be blown to pieces, asphyxiated, and starved."[1] In 1923 he wrote, "I see in France a sort of short-sighted Sampson, and wonder when the roof is going to fall—assuming that there is any roof left."[2] In 1934 he wrote, "Today I have been thinking of Hitler and of what one neurotic fanatic may yet do to us and drag us into. It's all right to say it can't happen here, but unfortunately it can. The more I try to make a picture of the world in the next hundred years, the more I don't like it, and the gladder I am that I shall be out of it."[3]

"Out of it" Robinson has been since 1935, but his poetry remains. Much of it depicts the varied tragedy attendant upon our mortal and personal errors. But some of it, concerning not personalities but societies, forecasts a world "blown to pieces"; analyzes a country of "short-sighted Sampsons"; warns that definitely "it can happen here." The predictions of a poet, the predications of history—a few years lie between. Although to do so now is reasoning after the fact, it is significant to note the prophecy and the warning. For Robinson may come to be considered the greatest moralistic voice of his poetic generation. He looks beyond the chaos which he so vividly anticipates, to an indictment of materialism and equalitarianism as seeds of social disorder—causes

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1 *Selected Letters of Edwin Arlington Robinson*, Ridgely Torrence, editor (New York, 1940; hereinafter, *"Selected Letters"*), 123–124.

2 *Selected Letters*, 134.

3 *Selected Letters*, 175.

which must, he implies, be eradicated if chaos is not to become infinite, to the annihilation of all moral values.

Actually, of course, the poet must always be part historian, part prophet. In an unfinished Preface to his poems, Wilfred Owen wrote, during the first World War, "All a poet can do today is warn."[4] A quarter of a century later, another English poet, Stephen Spender, writes:

> Poets are faced . . . with the problem of transforming into the comprehensive terms of the imagination the chaos of this politically obsessed world. We live in the midst of conflicting issues, such as the life-and-death struggles between nations and classes, the struggle of a new order to come into existence. Moreover, we are constantly being disturbed by shattering material events, such as wars and revolutions. The problem is to understand the nature of these events and transform them into a lucid language of the imagination, where they exist in their own right, coherent visions independent of reality, but nevertheless reflecting the truth of reality.[5]

Though some of it is now a generation or more old, the social poetry of Robinson (I use the term "social" as distinguished from the personal lyrics or the character poems) speaks admonishingly to a world whose mounting materialism has brought upon it such a holocaust as to betoken the end of an epoch. It interprets prophetically a mechanistic and conscienceless form of existence which has already become the social pattern for much of the world, and against which America now strives desperately to defend itself, even at the cost of imitation.

Some of this poetry was written during the last decade of the nineteenth and the first decade of the twentieth centuries. Other poems of similar import were written between 1916, when America, not yet in the first World War, was profiting

[4] Quoted in *A New Anthology of Modern Poetry*, Selden Rodman, editor (New York, 1938), 27.

[5] Quoted by J. D. A. in "Speaking of Books," *The New York Times Book Review*, March 29, 1942, 2.

materially from the agony of Europe, and 1925, when, seven years after the war, the nation was riding the feverish merry-go-round of a false prosperity destined to exhaust itself in the debacle of 1929. Robinson's last poem, *King Jasper*, written in 1935, shortly after Hitler's rise to power, reiterates and intensifies the old warning, in its forecast of the collapse of capitalism.

For convenience, these social poems will be analyzed in two groups: first, earlier poems which present either a single situation or a swiftly-etched symbolical portrait—representative poems from 1890 to 1916; second, poems of social observation, from 1916 to 1935. These groups by no means include all of Robinson's poetry which may be termed social, but only certain arbitrarily selected poems which seem best to reflect or elucidate specific social tendencies or defections, or which most vigorously convey his anti-materialistic protest.

It must be remembered that Robinson's artistry as a poet here reveals and stabilizes itself in a critical attitude toward his world and his age. Perhaps he makes no specific, positive suggestions for an orderly and redeemed society; for his poetry is characteristically inferential, oblique, and reflective mainly of negative aspects of experience, and this to the point where he is frequently identified with a pessimistic attitude. Yet as an artist, and one whose temperament is largely that of a mystic, he is constantly preoccupied with the ultimate possibility, rather than with a mere brooding contemplation and analysis of the concrete reality which, unrelieved, can only appear tragic. So he is consistently idealistic. There are, then, positive values to be found in his reactions to life and society, although they must be deduced; that is, the good society, the competent democracy, must be inferred from the anemic democracy which it is Robinson's technique to exhibit in terms of its weaknesses, discrepancies, failures. Through a consideration of present social flaws and prophecy fulfilled, as reflected in Robinson's social poems, we may thus postulate his concept of the moral political state.

II

During most of his life, Robinson experienced the distress of a sensitive, idealistic nature caught in the machinery of a soulless economic system. If one considers *The Man Against the Sky* (1916) as the first work which won him critical acclaim, his years of poetic probation covered more than a quarter of a century. His dreary efforts to support himself reached a peak of desperation in 1905, when, as a checker, he walked for eight hours a day the malodorous tunnels of the New York subway system, on the verge of poetic suicide, and a living symbol of the price often paid for artistic faith and endowment.

But although art may be the artist's despair, it is also his salvation. Robinson was to find in poetry a citadel which he might construct out of the rebuffs of a callous world—a world that even before the turn of the century he saw rushing toward dissolution. He was to find in poetry a subtle instrument for sounding the depths of a spiritual sickness which was rotting out the heart of the body politic, though the integument still appeared healthy, and a medium by which he might suggest a quality of ethical experience.

Often he chose to probe and suggest in terms of individuals whose spiritual brightness contrasted startlingly with their social drabness, like Captain Craig, the indigent philosopher; or often he portrayed, as in Matthias, the worldly success who is yet a spiritual failure. But since the individual is largely the product of the economic and social structure which *is* his age, Robinson had also responded to the fascinations of the concepts of time and place, as his New England village and landscape poems reveal.[6] It was inevitable for him that he should note with increasing profundity characteristics of his world—a world whose sordid qualities he knew too sadly

[6] See *Collected Poems of Edwin Arlington Robinson* (New York, 1939; hereinafter, "*Collected Poems*"), "The Dead Village," 88; "The Clerks," 90; "The Tavern," 93; "The House on the Hill," 81; "The Wilderness," 99; "Pasa Thalassa Thalassa," 335, and others.

well. In particular, it was the world which American energy and business acumen were creating in the years between 1890, when he began writing his first poems, and 1935, the year of his death.

The period itself was one of mechanical, scientific, industrial, political, and social evolution. And as America's relation to a world order changed, so too did the American citizen's relation to his national system. Economically, tremendous fortunes were being created for a few through the mechanized and unrecognized labor of the many. Socially, the abyss between capitalist and laborer grew deeper and blacker. Hence, psychologically, the period was characterized by a vague irritation and unrest; for only to the sensitive observer were the causes, inherent in an ever-increasing materialism, discernible. Born, like his Merlin, somewhat out of time, Robinson saw, felt, analyzed—found in opposing types and social situations the prototypes of his failures, rich and poor.

Even as a youth, he had sensed the increasing American interest in Big Business—an interest sadly verified by the rotting wharves of his native state; for in a gentler day those wharves were bustling, those harbors dotted with the white sails of ships that brought European and Asiatic culture back to Maine. But in 1910, the year of "The Town Down the River,"[7] the New England villages were identified with the social unrest, and Robinson noted that spirit in the exodus from village to big city (probably New York), "Where the millions cringe and shiver."

As the Watcher by the Way, the contemplative observer, he sees the dreaming children, dazzled by the lights of their dubious destination, a town which may someday "fail to need them." But he cannot divert the pilgrims, who wax satiric at the "whirlwind" of his wisdom, seeing the Watcher as a

[7] *Collected Poems*, 319–325; the succeeding quotations are from "The Town Down the River."

"king without a kingdom." He addresses the slow, the weak, the world-humbled,

> Some with ardor shaken,
> All with honor scarred.

Do these, he asks, awaken to

> . . . an antic retribution,
> Goading to a new confusion
> The drugged hopes of yesterday?

Do these trust to a "dawn without the day"?

He is, however, but another Jeremiah, rebuffed by

> Derelicts of all conditions,
> Poets, rogues, and sick physicians

who must still plod on into their tragic darkness. Finally, some aged ones seek out the Watcher, who has vainly tried to turn them from the lure of a timeless and futile future when "tomorrow is today." To their cry now for aid, he replies that the pilgrims' lanterns are unlighted, and the Town lies yet far ahead:

> "Long have I waited,
> Longer have I known
> That the Town would have its own,
> And the call be for the fated."

He pleads with them to listen no more to the siren voice of the River, which may well symbolize the persistent, irresistible current that impels the pilgrims ever onward toward a state of blind futility:

> "Let us hear no more, my brothers;
> Are we older than all others?
> Are the planets in our way?"

He questions the brashness and arrogance of a young nation which would change and adapt to itself even the courses of the heavenly bodies. But again the pilgrims turn toward the river that is "calling always, night and day." Recognizing the inability of the seer ever to convey his own vision to those who are too blind, deaf, or ignorant to comprehend his message, the Watcher cheers them on, to pursue their lights wherever the traitorous and tragic gleams may lead.

We may deduce that what lay behind the Town and its fascinating, sinister glitter was the force that was increasingly dominating American life, thought, and action—materialism rampant. Robinson's discernment of it, keen and consistent throughout his life, appears both in his poetry and in his prose. In 1931 he wrote:

> It is true that we have acquired a great deal of material knowledge in recent years, but so far as knowledge of the truth itself is concerned, I cannot see that we are any nearer to it now than our less imaginative ancestors were when they cracked each other's skulls with stone hatchets, or that we know any more than they knew of what happened to the soul that escaped in process.... If a man is a materialist or a mechanist, I can see for him no escape from belief in a futility so prolonged and complicated and diabolical and preposterous as to be worse than absurd.[8]

Again, as early as 1913, he wrote, "If materialism is true, then parenthood is assuredly the greatest of all crimes, and the sooner the much advertised 'race' is annihilated, the better."[9]

Materialism was not, of course, new or uniquely American; but here was one whose keener sensitivity to its ravages gave penetrating expression to its increasingly overt conquest of the American spirit. Even if, by the 1890's, there remained few natural frontiers to challenge pioneer brawn, there were still the intangible frontiers of science, invention, and business to challenge and sharpen a nation's acquisitive instincts

[8] *Selected Letters*, 163.
[9] *Selected Letters*, 80.

and energies. There was still the symbolically perfect adventure of the Klondike—where the gold more often than not betrayed the seeker.

Robinson records the event and the implication in "The Klondike," and there too he indicts a world, as well as those desperate adventurers of '98, who had come to find "the golden river," but found only death at last. Of twelve who began the long trek, five were left, and one of them was dying as he spoke to his comrades and to the river:

> "Twelve," he says, "who sold their shame for a lure you call too fair for them—
> You that laugh and flow to the same word that urges them:
> Twelve who left the old town shining in the sunset,
> Left the weary street and the small safe days: . . .
> Twelve who took the frozen chance and laid their lives on yellow. . . .
>
> "For after all that we have done and all that we have failed to do,
> Life will be life and a world will have its work to do:
> Every man who follows us will heed in his own fashion
> The calling and the warning and the friends who do not know:
> Each will hold an icy knife to punish his heart's lover,
> And each will go the frozen way to find the golden river." [10]

Others of Robinson's earliest poems present brief but vivid portrayals of those who are slaves to the System. Some of them, like Flammonde or Richard Cory, appear to possess everything that charm or affluence may provide. Actually, each is a symbol of the universal, timeless discrepancies between appearances and realities, between the ideal pattern of a beauty-conceived world—Man himself, perfected and ennobled—and his gross, flawed, and material-minded actuality. Flammonde, though he could solve others' problems, could not save himself. Cory, whose fellow-townsmen thought that

[10] "The Klondike," *Collected Poems*, 190–191.

"he was everything / To make us wish that we were in his place," [11] sought in a suicidal bullet the answer to life which is never an answer, and so proved conclusively an unsuspected despair. Aaron Stark, the miser, is another such abject failure; and Robinson's, protest against concentration on the material, and his revelation of Aaron's shrivelled spirit seem actually to weight the sestet of the sonnet:

> Glad for the murmur of his hard renown,
> Year after year he shambled through the town,
> A loveless exile moving with a staff;
> And oftentimes there crept into his ears
> A sound of alien pity, touched with tears,—
> And then (and only then) did Aaron laugh.[12]

In 1916 the spiritual callousness of the richest country in the world received a stinging rebuke in the words of Cassandra:

> I heard one who said: "Verily,
> What word have I for children here?
> Your Dollar is your only Word,
> The wrath of it your only fear.
>
> "You build it altars tall enough
> To make you see, but you are blind;
> You cannot leave it long enough
> To look before you or behind." [13]

Reason, the poet adds, is met with laughter, and the answer, "We are young; leave us, and let us grow." He inquires what "unrecorded overthrow" of all the world's experience or wisdom has made itself so plain to America alone, which has set up a new Trinity of "Dollar, Dove, and Eagle," praised and worshiped without comprehension:

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11 "Richard Cory," *Collected Poems*, 82.
12 "Aaron Stark," *Collected Poems*, 86.
13 "Cassandra," *Collected Poems*, 11.

"The power is yours, but not the sight;
You see not upon what you tread;
You have the ages for your guide,
But not the wisdom to be led."

Shall we, he asks, forever tread down the "merciless old verities," never see the world for what it is, and pay for what we have with all we are? But like that of most poets or prophets, Cassandra's (and Robinson's) vision of the state of things-as-they-are is regarded, if at all, as delusion, and the crowd passes on laughing.

By implication, the crowd continues to laugh until calamity, with its inevitable loss of faith in perishable possessions, overtakes it. One such instance is recorded in the figure of Bewick Finzer, one upon whose ears Cassandra's warning has fallen unheeded. When Finzer's half million at six percent interest went, the essence of Finzer went with it. Shattered then in mind, broken in body, he is a sad example of the man whose technique for salvation may be corrupted by the rust, the moth, and the thief of time and circumstance. The poem was published in 1916, but its subject might as well have been any of those dazed and broken by the economic crash of 1929. Periodically Finzer comes for "the loan we give and then forget." There is, perhaps, no sadder epitaph in Robinson's elegies for lost souls than this, sounding as it does a depth of what the poet has called our "invertebrate futility"—the spiritual vacuity which sees in mere material accumulation a worthy end for effort. Finzer, the empty shell of half a million vanished dollars, is

Familiar as an old mistake,
And futile as regret.[14]

He is the hollow effect of a materialistic cause which can only leave its devotee the poorer for his devotion.

---

14 "Bewick Finzer," *Collected Poems*, 56.

But again, Robinson is concerned not only with depicting the follies of individuals lost in a morass of commercialism, as revealed in the tragedy of a specific situation; his analysis concerns also the structural patterns of America which make that highly-organized commercialism possible, and such characteristics of a so-called democracy as conspire to produce the conditions by which he is moved to caustic comment.

III

The emphasis in American life which leads away from truth, beauty, culture, is lyrically if acidly noted in "The False Gods." Here the gods of the glittering, hedonistic present address their worshippers. They know their own falsity, their evanescence, their deceit, "from the straw that is our vitals to the clay that is our feet." They foresee the "wages of ashes" to be drawn by their servants, for they themselves know that they are neither solid nor enduring. Yet they admit a faint hope for their blinded adorers, that wise, earnest analysis will reveal them as counterfeit. For, they say, the stronger power and the older and wiser order of a true morality still exist:

> "Howsoever like no other be the mode you may employ,
> There's an order in the ages for the ages to enjoy;
> Though the temples you are shaping and the passions you are singing
> Are a long way from Athens and a longer way from Troy."[15]

Again they remind their devotees that "There's grief always auditing where two and two are five." This is the only truth in all their "perjured composition."

Another poem from 1920, "Demos," implies that American democracy is still more of a vision than a reality. America,

[15] *Collected Poems*, 491. This poem was published in 1920. Robinson's last significant mention of the "false gods" appears in *King Jasper* (1935) in Honoria's words to Jasper just before her suicide. *Cf.* the analysis of *King Jasper*, following.

says Demos, the spirit of true democracy, is enamored of his name, but "least intent on what I most require"—vigilance and intelligence. He warns the nation to beware, for the ideal pattern of democracy is vastly different from that established in the materialistic desires of its would-be constituents, who aspire now but blindly and so may hazard the spirit of freedom as well as the letter. "Give as I will, I cannot give you sight," he says, sight to see that even in a democracy some must lead and some must be led. Now, the voices of the wise, the real leaders, are dumb before the "wrangling and the shrill delight" of those who are not yet in fact delivered to freedom; a freedom, moreover, that may never materialize if the spirit of true democracy is to be further stifled by the false and noisy insistence of ignorance. America, continues Demos, has as yet only a "fevered glimpse" of a democracy

> "Confused and foiled with an equality
> Not equal to the envy it creates." [16]

We do not see how near we are to the gates of an "old king who listens fearfully" to the clamoring crowds just outside his castle gates.

Again Robinson implies that a fundamental principle of democracy, namely, equal individual rights, is logically and effectively controverted in practices in which the power of one individual or of a corporate body is used to compel and exploit. Demos exhorts his fellow-citizens to pray for "a kingdom undishonored"; to see the small rather than the great, and to hear the silence of the small. He pleads for wisdom and moderation, else the many must perish, "still to be wrangling in a noisy grave."

Ironically, however, though he pleads for the "small" in their infinite numbers, he pins his faith upon the intelligent few who shall save the many. This faith in the few is sug-

[16] "Demos," *Collected Poems*, 472.

gestive of the artist's deep-seated doubt of the existence of sensitivity or wisdom in the masses, who must always look to trained intelligence if they are to be protected from their own ignorance and crudeness. Unprotected and unguided, the next step in their social status may logically establish (and has indeed established!) the sort of world reflected in a still more penetrating and rasping poem of 1925, "Demos and Dionysus." [17]

Here Robinson forecasts a society in which a system devoted to a mass mechanization and materialism becomes increasingly perfected, not in its promotions of human good but in its techniques for the production of goods. He suggests again that such a society becomes increasingly impervious to all implications concerning *the* good—more interested in techniques for the production, distribution, and use of material objects, less interested in the products of free creative intelligence. By implication, he contrasts a world patterned to sterile, regimented, and repetitious effort with a world made orderly and productive by creatively inspired work, integrated in industry, always a basic instrument for the establishment and perfecting of a practical morality.

Demos, the would-be king of the commoners, and the spirit of a totally mechanized system, envisions a world where all grace of individuality or free expression, as represented by Dionysus, is stifled in the interests of soulless "efficiency." Demos represents a political system which destroys all privilege. He addresses Dionysus, the spirit of intellectual and political freedom, of joy, love, art, and a free moral individualism. They debate the merits of their respective worlds.

Demos admits that in his world he finds "no sure indemnity save one of grief and one of death."

"Nothing of life at all?" asks Dionysus.

To Demos' negative, Dionysus argues that Demos' "dim faith in something . . . out of nothing" may at last end in "a

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17 *Collected Poems*, 904–918.

long fatigue" or an "angry death." How, he adds, is Demos to have love, art, "the music of the world and of the stars" without him? For Demos would banish him, first of all. But Demos will not admit that his world is a prison, or that his blind assumption of a mechanized universe is a sickness, to be cured only by desperate means. Should he himself fall ill, "there are physicians."

Dionysus replies that these may not be trusted for Demos' disease; nor, for a time, can they diminish the monstrous qualities of Demos. His words, to us seventeen years later, are tragically freighted:

> "There are futilities and enormities
> That must be loved and honored and obeyed
> Before they are found out. If you be one,
> Or other, or both, as I believe you are,
> God help the credulous and expectant slaves
> Of your unconscionable supremacy." [18]

Again Robinson suggests that democracy, in its present immaturity, "enfolds and assures" its worshipers, but that they are still blinded and bound. For Demos, says Dionysus, is like an octopus, hiding his malevolence behind a cloud of ink, leaving his tentacles to "shoot and strangle as they may." To this, Demos retorts:

> "By turning your two eyes to land again
> You may regard some hundred million souls
> Or more that are awaiting my tuition—
> Where Reason and Equality, like strong twins,
> Will soon be brother giants, overseeing
> Incessantly the welfare of them all.
> A little strangling will be good for them,
> And they will have no courage to complain." [19]

---

[18] *Collected Poems*, 908.
[19] *Collected Poems*, 909.

Dionysus argues that they will by then also have no souls, being reduced to "poor machines that ultimately will disintegrate" in a ruin which a thousand *men* might forestall. But Demos only smiles, for, says he, the thousand men will never speak.

> "... Some will curse
> Among themselves a little; some will grunt;
> Others will shrug their unoffending shoulders
> At my offensive name; others will stretch
> Themselves, and in the refuge of a yawn
> Will say they have enough to last their time
> And that the future must attend itself—
> ... They are all safe,
> And comfortably gagged. They will not speak—
> Or not more than a few—and fewer still
> Will act; ...
> One of these days, the world will be a hive—
> The veritable asylum you deplore
> So vainly now. Then every little bee
> Will have his little task, and having done it,
> His time to play. So all will be in order,
> And the souring hopes of individuals
> To be some day themselves, though God knows how,
> Will all be sweetened with synthetic honey.
> The waste of excellence that you call art
> Will be a thing remembered as a toy
> Dug somewhere from forgotten history;
> And this infirmity that you name love
> Will be subdued to studious procreation—" [20]

of Reason and Equality (Demos' kind). To this bleak forecast Dionysus responds:

> "What will be left in your millennium
> When self and soul are gone and all subdued
> Insensibly?" [21]

[20] *Collected Poems*, 910–911.
[21] *Collected Poems*, 911.

Demos answers, as he would:

> "Self and soul will not be missed,
> Having been rather too much in the way,
> And too long, for the good of the machine,
> In which I see an end and a beginning." [22]

Under the reign of the machine, he continues, feeling and fancy will be "whipped and rationed into reason"; and the few who always precede the many will be ground to death. The machine, once running, will always run, and the "mechanistic hive" will subdue itself to system and to order and to Reason. "And to Equality," adds Dionysus ironically.

With a vehemence foreign to his genial nature, Dionysus prophesies the inevitable collapse of such a machine; a collapse ending in

> "A dislocated and unlovely mess
> For undertakers, who are not yet born." [23]

Yet after the dissolution, and out of some "wholesome fire of thought and competence" may come a world

> "Fit for a self-defending human race
> To recognize, and finally to live in";[24]

a world rising phoenix-like, to achieve a new social sanity which must regard the memory of Demos' "sterile dispensation" as a warning and a wonderment. But Demos reiterates his scorn of the "insurgent individual" with his "ingenuous right to be himself," and envisions a world

> "... all alike and of a piece—
> Punctual, accurate, tamed and uniform,
> And equal. Then romance and love and art
> And ecstasy will be remembrances
> Of man's young weakness on his way to reason." [25]

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[22] *Collected Poems*, 912.
[23] *Collected Poems*, 916.
[24] *Collected Poems*, 916.
[25] *Collected Poems*, 917.

Yet in the poem, at least, the outlook is not irretrievably black. There may still be possible

> "An increment of reason . . .
> . . . that quickens in the seed of truth
> And is the flower of truth—not always fair,
> Yet always to be found if you will see it.
> There *is* a Demos . . ." [26]

and the spirit of true democracy bides its time till a society reduced to "a monstrosity beyond repair" shall finally collapse. Here, then, Robinson affirms an ultimate faith in an ethical democracy which dignifies the individual, and in the redeeming power of reason.

Less as prophet, more as critic, "Dionysus in Doubt" (1925) presents the poet in a particularly caustic mood. In a dialogue with Dionysus, here representing the spirit of fancy and personal freedom, he listens to the blithe god's incisive comments on the America of 1925. The poem obviously reflects Robinson's views on the experiment of prohibition; but further than that, it probes prevailing tendencies in the democracy, suggesting an equalitarianism which inhibits individualistic action by subjecting it to a stupid mechanical pattern. America, says Dionysus, is

> ". . . a complacent yet impatient folk,
> Anticipating and somewhat at ease
> Already with millennial ecstasies
> Of much too much at once . . ." [27]

It is also

> ". . . an inflexible and hasty nation
> That sees already done
> Rather too much that has not yet begun."

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[26] *Collected Poems*, 915.
[27] "Dionysus In Doubt," *Collected Poems*, 860.

Freedom is made to sanction a "predatory love" and, maligned by a "tireless legislation," becomes a thing not to worship but to fear—singular, oblique, "of uncertain face and shape." Freedom, says Dionysus ironically, goes on making more inhibitory laws; and the American people, by legislating against natural rights, force the many to suffer for the few:

> "And you, you millions, or as many of you
> As have not your herd-servitude in check,
> Conspire somehow by law to wring the neck
> Of nature, not seeing how large a neck it is
> That your beneficent severities
> Would humble and subdue—
> To moronize a million for a few." [28]

Both million and few exist in "an unransomed kidnapped juvenile miscalled Democracy." Dionysus admits that there is, even in weakness, some hope in the democratic ideal—"also intelligence is hidden there"—but more than either intelligence or a hidden, tardy hope he finds, "Hypocrisy, timidity, and sloth / Are there and are all thriving." He sees their manifestations with, however, no more surprise than at "the most of man's idolatries" to which man prays for a furtherance of "his benevolent ingrained repression / Of the next's man's possession." [29]

Dionysus predicts a time of reckoning, a cleansing by a fire that destroys before it is recognized. We may hammer a sphere square, he says, and controvert nature for a time, but "all that was hammered is still there." Yet if Humbug is deceptively present, worse vices exist in American society. Timidity, compromise for the sake of expediency—these deny worth to the individual, both as man and as citizen. Further, adds Dionysus, there are "too many sleepers" in the land. So flourish "defeat, indifference, and foresworn command":

[28] *Collected Poems*, 862.
[29] *Collected Poems*, 863.

"Too many are recommended not to see,
Or loudly to suggest,
That opulence, compromise, and lethargy
Together are not the bravest or the best
Among the imaginable remedies
For a young world's unrest." [30]

Too many Americans have learned "expediently how not to think."

Dionysus protests the mechanization and standardization of American society. What machine, he wonders, will America employ

"When all are niched and ticketed and all
Are standardized and unexceptional,
To perpetrate complacency and joy
Of uniform size and strength."

He questions whether America has either seen or contemplated the "treacherous way" she is pursuing, or how she will make it lead anywhere else

"Than to the wonder of a sick despair
That waits upon a gullible undoing."

One remembers that the "sick despair," or one manifestation of it, already waited its entrance cue upon the American economic stage of 1929. Perhaps, Dionysus adds sardonically, the American vision may be chastened by "an ultimate uniformity,"

"And the poor cringing self, disowned,
May call it freedom and efficiency.
Others would somewhat rather call it hell,
And rather not be quite so free
To blend themselves with mediocrity." [31]

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[30] *Collected Poems*, 865–866.
[31] *Collected Poems*, 867.

Freedom of such a kind may breed the same sort of equality and brotherhood as that legendary bed where "by virtue of much stretching and some cleaving" all were made to conform to its dubious "warmth and hospitality." The antidote to such fatal conformity is intelligence trained to wisdom; but America is too much given to "praising the obvious for the absolute"—to seeing "an end of that which has no end of their devising."

Dionysus completes his too-candid characterization with a prediction of the catastrophe inherent in a system which, by its blind negation of individual worth, binds itself with laws made only to be held in contempt, and which thus denies all freedom, unless vigilance and intelligence come to its rescue.

> "Better prepare the state that you possess
> More to the focus of your sightlessness.
> So doing, you may achieve to see,
> With eyes not then afraid to look at me,
> How even the blind, having resumed their senses,
> May seize again their few lost evidences
> Of an identity. . . .
> Bad laws are like blind pilots authorized
> To see not and to care not where they steer." [32]

In this poem, more drastically than before, Robinson chastises a nation for sightlessness, ignorance, timidity, fraud, disobedience, indolence, all of which create an anemic democracy, infinitely and tragically far from the vigorous bright ideal in which an ethical individualism is a vital element.

King Jasper, completed in 1935, shortly before Robinson's death, is suggested as "a symbolic drama of the disintegration of the capitalistic system"; the poet himself called it "his treatise on economics." [33] Allegorical in technique, present-

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[32] *Collected Poems*, 869.

[33] Hermann Hagedorn, *Edwin Arlington Robinson* (New York, 1939; hereinafter, "Hagedorn"), 369.

ing types rather than individuals, the scope of this last prophetic poem exceeds Robinson's traditional interest in human relations, in the village, the city, even the American nation. For its canvas, like that of an Innes landscape, glows with bloody horizons, lighted by the fires of a mad world's inherent self-destruction. Depicting such a collapse, at the same time and symptom by symptom, the poem diagnoses the disease which even now, within a mere seven years of its writing, is seriously threatening capitalistic ideology.

Here Robinson's previously-noted criticisms of the existing democracy are applied to any system in which power is achieved by the ruthless ambition of the dictator-capitalist, symbolized by King Jasper. For as modern states have diverted science for the purpose of demonic power, Jasper has used the genius of his inventor-friend Hebron as a stepping-stone to worldly success. He has crushed Hebron and left him to "starve on lies and perish." Jasper's chimneys are the "landmark" of his power; but within them abides the dragon of deceit and corruption. For the guarantee of the integrity of future structures to be raised upon the ashes of the old, it is imperative that the dragon too be annihilated. In the poem he is, as in practical efforts at reconstruction that must follow the present world-conflagration, he must be. If art is to be held as valid in experience, here is one of the most significant and far-reaching of Robinson's social implications.

With Jasper, who is doomed to death as he was, by tradition and lineage, "doomed to climb," dies the old rigid conservatism represented by Honoria, his wife. So, too, dies their son, young Jasper, though he has tried, under the redeeming influence of Zoë, or Knowledge,[34] to ally himself with a better society; but he is irrevocably bound to his father's order. Even the younger Hebron, the revolutionary, who through

[34] Hagedorn, 370, notes that, on Robinson's being asked how, allegorically, Zoë, as Knowledge, is Jasper's daughter, he replied: "Zoë is Knowledge, and the child of King Jasper, who is Ignorance ... Without ignorance, there can be no knowledge."

violence can bring only more chaos, must die, destroyed by his own perverted fanaticism, and blinded by another type of power-lust. Only Zoë escapes a cosmic destruction, for Knowledge must endure and go its solitary way if there is to be any world left after the carnage is over. But the carnage is first inevitable. Even Jasper, who too late has experienced the sharp knife of Knowledge, begins to sense the impending catastrophe:

> "There may be a long madness on the way
> To shatter a mad world that may deserve it." [35]

Zoë, explaining to him the secret infection inherent in all who would greedily exploit human values, says:

> "The mightiest are the blindest; and I wonder
> Why they forget themselves in histories
> They cannot read because they have no sight.
> What useless chronicles of bloody dust
> Their deeds will be sometime! And all because
> They cannot see behind them or before them,
> And cannot see themselves. For them there must
> Be multitudes of cold and unseen hands
> That reach for them and touch them horribly
> When they're alone..." [36]

That such kingdoms are self-destructive is implied by old Hebron, who meets Jasper in a penitential dream. Says Hebron,

> "... You were almost a kingdom;
> And you forgot that kingdoms are not men.
> They are composite and obscure creations
> Of men, and in a manner are comparable
> To moving and unmanageable machines,
> And somehow are infernally animated

[35] *Collected Poems*, 1406.
[36] *Collected Poems*, 1413.

With a self-interest so omnivorous
That ultimately they must eat themselves.
You cannot eat yourself very long and live,
Jasper; and that's about what you were doing
Before I found you here. There's not much left,
And the prince knows it." [37]

But if Jasper's greed and blindness are to be fatal for him, so too is old Hebron's revenge; for turning into gold, a dead weight under which Jasper staggers, Hebron must fall into the abyss of darkness that yawns between Zoë and Jasper. Speaking to Jasper of Hebron, who now symbolizes Jasper's (and the capitalist's) greed and lust for power, Zoë says prophetically:

"He'll fall for a long time, and never come back—
Or not as he is now. If you could see him
As truly as you feel him, just as I do,
You would see then your kingdom and your power
And glory—and as it is, and is to be." [38]

The note of doom is insistent and irrefutable. Even Jasper now recognizes those quiet implacable hands that

". . . wrought by no command of his,
But for an older and a mightier master—" [39]

the laws of change and a basic morality. He reflects too that no kings could ever "stay" them, and that even Knowledge can come too late

"To make a new king of a stricken one
Whose retribution was a world's infection." [40]

Nor does young Hebron's violence offer a solution; for his

[37] *Collected Poems*, 1425–1426.
[38] *Collected Poems*, 1432–1433.
[39] *Collected Poems*, 1456.
[40] *Collected Poems*, 1457.

"red rhetoric" is but a lesson in ignorance whose brashness must logically be tempered by the king as ethical leader—if kings could themselves be less blind.

The one optimistic note in the poem is offered, ironically enough, by Honoria just before her suicide. Zoë and young Jasper, she says, may live to see "firmer and higher forms rise out of ashes." Honoria cannot accept a new order; but she is yet sensitive and intelligent enough to recognize that Jasper's material temples have been erected for "false gods of a small heaven." And heaven, if it is to mean anything, is by implication the domain of righteousness, and the spiritual legacy of the race of man.

The end, perceived only by Zoë, is cataclysmic:

> . . . More than a house
> Was burning; and far below her more than chimneys
> Were falling . . . and she could see
> Two fires at once that were a kingdom burning.
> In one of them there was the king himself,
> The prince, and their destroyer. In the other,
> With chimneys falling on him while he burned,
> There was a dragon dying. . . . Nothing alive
> Was left of Jasper's kingdom. There was only
> Zoë . . .[41]

That *King Jasper* should be Robinson's final artistic expression is entirely appropriate; the poem marks the logical round of the circle begun with the "Tilbury Town" sketches of individual failure. Thus Robinson's last words, like his first, spring from the critical impulse. If in the early portraits he was primarily moved by human derelicts in a moral and social wilderness, at the last he saw in Jasper, Honoria, young Jasper, and young Hebron symbolic types, and his emphasis fell upon the wilderness itself—a wilderness in which the problems of Good and Evil become, as they finally must, the

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41 *Collected Poems*, 1488.

ultimate political problems of the state. Our present society, says Robinson, lies ill of many diseases—slothfulness, blindness, materialism, greed, hypocrisy. Self-interest, concentration on the things of the flesh, an exaggerated subjectivism, a cultural and spiritual lethargy, a hardening of the ethical arteries in the political body—these are symptoms of a social and moral degradation that now hazards the survival of a civilization.

Assuming such survival, world leaders face the Herculean task of reconstructing a world on the only adequate basis—a moral one. The first step will be to clean the modern Augean stables; for to fail to eliminate the sources of social contamination will be merely to encourage another outbreak of infection. The healthy democracy will be characterized by industry, vigilance, intelligence, generosity, a free, moral individualism, integrity. It will allow to the individual a full development and expression of his powers, since only the competent man can be the good man. Then the good man assumes a personal obligation to his society, and re-invests his resources for the enrichment of the Whole Good. This concept, in its circular form, is for Robinson a fundamental. It underlies both the "character" poems and the social poems, as the former contemplate the relation of the individual to his world, and the latter the kind of world which the competent person may logically anticipate as the appropriate field for the exercise of his highest efforts, both as man and as citizen. It epitomizes Robinson's profoundest social reactions.

If, in the bland and blind egotisms of our day, we are not yet beyond the reach of an occasional prophetic voice, we may still heed, and so postulate an ultimate renascence of human dignity and genius. At present, both are weighed in a precarious balance against Evil. A re-emphasis upon the values advocated by one who, in 1919,[42] was hailed by his

[42] John Drinkwater begins his critical essay on Robinson thus: "When recently Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson reached his fiftieth birthday, he was publicly greeted by nearly every poet of any distinction in America as the

colleagues as America's greatest living poet, might further expose issues whose full moral turpitude is not even yet thoroughly suspect.

master of them all" (*The Muse in Council*, Cambridge, 1925, 248). The symposium of appreciations of Robinson's work was conceived and organized by Percy MacKaye, who arranged for its publication in the New York *Times* in December, 1919 (Notes to *Selected Letters*, 188).

THE GENTEEL TRADITION: A RE-INTERPRETATION

FREDERIC I. CARPENTER

SOME thirty years ago, George Santayana first named and described "The Genteel Tradition."[1] Since then many men have repeated his words:

> America is not simply a young country with an old mentality: it is a country with two mentalities, one a survival of the beliefs and standards of the fathers, the other an expression of the instincts, practices and discoveries of the younger generations. . . . The one is all aggressive enterprise; the other is all genteel tradition.[2]

The persistent popularity of his description suggests that it is essentially true. But the partisan violence which it has engendered suggests that its meaning is confused. Santayana described truly the general conflict between aristocratic tradition and democratic practice in American life and thought. But he misunderstood the historic origins of this conflict, and he misinterpreted its modern manifestations. During the last generation, the terms of the dualism have become clearer.

In naming the genteel tradition, Santayana fathered two major confusions. First, he identified this tradition with Puritanism,* and traced the genteel mentality to Calvinistic theology. This accentuated the confusion in general usage between "puritanism" as a state of mind, and Puritanism as a historical movement. Second, Santayana denied that the ideal opposite of the genteel tradition was really a "mental-

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1 George Santayana, "The Genteel Tradition in American Philosophy," in *Winds of Doctrine* (New York, 1912; hereinafter, "The Genteel Tradition"), 186–215.

2 "The Genteel Tradition," 187–188.

* Throughout this essay, as uniformly in the *New England Quarterly*, Puritanism, the historical, religious, and political movement, is distinguished by capitalization from puritanism, a temperament prevalent throughout Anglo-Saxon history [Editor's Note].

ity" at all. "Instincts, practices, and discoveries," he called it, and added that "in all the higher things of the mind—in religion, in literature, in the moral emotions—it is the hereditary spirit that prevails."[3] Specifically he charged that Walt Whitman possessed nothing more than "sensations,"[4] and that William James possessed no consistent philosophy.[5] Identifying the genteel tradition with Puritan theology, he also denied that popular democracy had any clear ideal basis.

These two opinions may be disproved. The genteel tradition which Santayana named was something less—and something more—than Puritanism in America. Historically, it derived only from the conservative half of the Puritan religion. And beyond Puritanism, it derived from the traditionally aristocratic culture of the Central and Southern States, as well.[6] It may be defined broadly as the traditionalist mentality in America, as that has been influenced by Puritan morality and aristocratic culture.

Historically, the genteel tradition sprang from Puritanism, but only from one half of that religion. For the Puritanism of early New England had included a liberal, and even radical, element. The most conservative theocrat recognized that "the unknown God" did not always follow the customs of traditional morality. "Moral living" was good, but "divine grace" was infinitely better. The stern realism that recognized this unpalatable truth, and the intense "piety"[7] which posi-

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[3] "The Genteel Tradition," 188.

[4] In *Interpretations in Poetry and Religion* (New York, 1900), 180. See also H. A. Myers, "Whitman's Conception of the Spiritual Democracy," *American Literature*, VI (November, 1934), 241; and F. I. Carpenter, "Walt Whitman's Eidolon," *College English*, III (March, 1942), 534–545.

[5] In *Character and Opinion in the United States* (New York, 1920), 64–97.

[6] If this essay emphasizes the Puritanism of New England to the partial exclusion of the culture of the Central and Southern States, it is partly because the Puritanism of New England was more articulate than the religious culture of other regions, and partly because Santayana so emphasized it.

[7] See Joseph Haroutunian, *Piety versus Moralism* (New York, 1932); and Perry Miller, *The New England Mind* (New York, 1939; hereinafter, "Miller.")

tively gloried in it, gave greatness to the old faith. But the narrow traditionalism and intolerant moralism which we often call puritan, resulted in its later decadence.

In opposition to the genteel tradition, this radical element of the earlier Puritanism developed into the Transcendentalism of later New England: the Transcendental idealists worshiped the unknown God with intense piety. Although Santayana called them genteel, these transcendentalists were neither traditional nor moralistic. Emerson prophesied a new America, and Whitman continued his prophecy. Even the later pragmatists stemmed from this root.[8] The worst confusion of American thought is that which seeks to divorce the idealism of the early Puritans and the Transcendentalists from the idealism of the later democrats and pragmatists. Not only Santayana but many popular critics have furthered this interpretation. Yet Emerson did more than any other single writer to discredit the genteel tradition of orthodox morality: in him Transcendentalism became "the philosophy of democracy,"[9] and the arch enemy of conservatism. It stemmed from Puritan piety, but repudiated the authoritarian moralism of the past.

Neither the intense piety of the old Puritanism, nor the enthusiasm of the later Transcendental idealists was traditional, or "genteel." But from this point of view, the anti-transcendental morality of Hawthorne *was*; and the tragic vision of Melville also described the futility of the transcendental ideal. In *The Scarlet Letter* Hawthorne recognized a certain heroism in self-reliance, but emphasized its greater evil. And in *Moby Dick*, Melville described the heroism of Ahab, but also his fanatical delusion. In their later novels, both authors denounced the libertarian heresy and returned to traditional orthodoxy: although they borrowed the new

[8] See F. I. Carpenter, "William James and Emerson," *American Literature*, XI (March, 1939), 39–57; and "Charles Sanders Peirce: Pragmatic Transcendentalist," *New England Quarterly*, XIV (March, 1941), 34–48.

[9] John Dewey, "Emerson: the Philosopher of Democracy," in *Characters and Events* (New York, 1929), 69–77.

techniques to describe the liberal emotions, their moral philosophy remained traditional. Therefore they illustrate the genteel tradition at its best, recognizing the beauty and the heroism of the Transcendental ideal but denouncing its romantic extravagances.

Through three centuries of American life, this genteel tradition has developed and changed. From the early Puritans to the new humanists, its champions have denounced as utopian all dreams of a new world. But from the early Puritans to the modern pragmatists, the democratic dreamers have opposed, or "transcended" this tradition.

I

Like most Americans, the early Puritans really worshiped two Gods: they worshiped an absolute and unknown God, whose will was secret and whose face was hidden;[10] but also they worshiped the God of revelation or tradition, whose will was declared in the Bible, and whose face was turned toward man. Between the great "I Am" of piety and the revealed "I Ought" of morality, they admitted no discrepancy, in theory. The few sought the grace of the hidden God, while the many obeyed literally the laws laid down. The Bible, and after the Bible, literature, revealed this God to the populace.

The narrow puritanism against which the modern mind has revolted is that traditional half of historic Puritanism which deduced inflexible moral law from Biblical revelation. What we call the genteel tradition has elevated past precept into omnipotence, and conversely, has minimized the difficult truth which Calvin taught: that divine grace may supersede traditional precept. Looking back, the modern historian can see that "the space between the revealed will and the secret will . . . was the portal through which ran the highway of intellectual development."[11] But although the

[10] See Miller, 20.
[11] Miller, 21.

greater Puritans gloried in the unknown God and kept the portal open, their gentler descendants institutionalized revelation and sought to close the gate.

Moralistic "Puritanism" and secular "humanism," therefore, both sought to interpret and to apply God's will as revealed in the Bible and the classics. They disagreed only in the supreme authority which Puritanism granted to the Bible. They agreed that "the Revival of *Letters* . . . prepared the World for the Reformation of *Religion*." [12] They both appealed to logic and human reason to interpret the Bible and the classics. They both applied their interpretations primarily to the fields of morality and human conduct. And they agreed that art (in its broadest sense) was all-important: "Perhaps we have laid bare the innermost essence of the Puritan mind when we find that its highest philosophical reach was a systematic delineation of the liberal arts." [13] The arts direct conduct, and therefore man should imitate art. "Nature is inchoate art; art is nature consummated." [14] The nature of God may never be understood, but the Book of man may be.

This all-too-human half of Puritanism reached its nadir in eighteenth-century New England when the old piety became mere complacency, and the old morality, ritual:

> Our churches turn genteel:
> Our parsons grow trim and trig,
> With wealth, wine and wig
> And their heads are covered with meal.[15]

Of the old religion, only the moral and churchly forms remained. But these forms were, and always had been, important: the new "gentility" was no "reversal" of the Puritan

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[12] Miller, 97.
[13] Miller, 161.
[14] Miller, 166.
[15] Quoted in Herbert Schneider, *The Puritan Mind* (New York, 1930), 90.

philosophy, as has been asserted,[16] but rather a distortion of it, through exaggeration of the formal element. The old revelation had merely become absolutely systematized.

This moralistic puritanism, on the other hand, reached its most mature development in the proverbial wisdom of Benjamin Franklin. Wholly "emancipated" from the old Puritan piety, Franklin reasserted the Puritan morality in its simplest terms: "Revelation had indeed no weight with me, as such; but I entertained an opinion, that, though certain actions might not be bad, *because* they were forbidden by it...; yet probably these actions might be forbidden *because* they were bad for us." [17] Having freed himself, that is, from the dead hand of the past, he nevertheless returned to the past for wisdom.

This was valid. Tradition is good. As Stuart Sherman has pointed out,[18] "tradition" also includes the tradition of revolt, of progress, and of change. It is good, therefore, as long as it includes all the wisdom of the past, and not merely the prudential part. But when tradition excludes novelty and freedom, it becomes genteel. It denies the unknown God in the name of the God of Moses.

Franklin himself escaped this narrow traditionalism by virtue of his broad tolerance, his instinctive democracy, and his scientific spirit. But his wisdom remained partial. He emphasized the traditional morality so exclusively that he seemed to deny the religious idealism. In his phrase, "health, wealth, and wisdom" became the ideal ends of life. And this fairly translated one-half of the Puritan gospel. But the other half—"the Covenant of Grace" and the practice of piety—he omitted. The intense devotion to the unknown God which motivated Jonathan Edwards would have to wait for the advent of Transcendentalism. Then the religious ideals of

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16 See Schneider, *The Puritan Mind*, 97.

17 *The Autobiography* in *The Complete Works of Benjamin Franklin*, edited by John Bigelow (New York, 1887–1888), I, 139.

18 S. P. Sherman, "Tradition," in *Americans* (New York, 1924), 13–27.

"God, freedom, and immortality" would compete anew with the moralistic ideals of "health, wealth, and wisdom" for the devotion of the descendants of the Puritans. Then the mind of America would revolt against the too-narrow Puritan morality with a violence fathered by the almost forgotten Puritan piety.

II

Considered politically, of course, Transcendentalism was not necessarily a liberal philosophy. It might result either in revolt or in reaction, for "God, freedom, and immortality" were not partisan ideals. The thought of Kant, developing through Hegel, resulted eventually in a justification of the totalitarian state. Only in America did the alliance of Transcendentalism with the antislavery movement and with Western democracy produce complete liberalism.

But considered intellectually, Transcendentalism was liberalism itself. It was "the newness." It was the revolt of the younger generation against the forces of conservative tradition. It was the deification of the undiscovered. It was the worship of the unknown God.

Therefore Transcendentalism stood opposed to all forms of traditionalism. As Santayana recognized, it "embodied, in a radical form, the spirit of Protestantism as distinguished from its inherited doctrines; it was autonomous, undismayed, calmly revolutionary."[19] But this historic Transcendentalism had no new system to offer, specifically, in place of the old. Therefore it often resulted in "the dilemma of the liberated." By reaction, it sometimes caused a blind return to tradition. "Similarly in Italy, during the Renaissance, the Catholic tradition could not be banished from the intellect, since there was nothing articulate to take its place."[20] Therefore Santayana considered Transcendentalism a failure. And modern

[19] "The Genteel Tradition," 196.
[20] "The Genteel Tradition," 201.

American humanists have sought to escape this frustration by a return to tradition—to religion—to authority—even to Catholicism.[21]

It is true that the negative or anti-authoritarian element of Transcendentalism gave grounds for this negative, or anti-liberal, reaction against it. If the old idealism had resulted only in emptiness and denial, the reaction of the traditional humanists would have been wholly justified. But even the hostile Santayana recognized that Walt Whitman had developed an inarticulate democracy in place of the old moralism, and that William James had developed a more articulate pragmatism. These developments were positive and progressive. But the reactions of nineteenth-century traditionalists against "the newness" were more obvious.

By far the greatest of the latter-day puritans were two who escaped the smugness of gentility through their intense sympathy with the followers of the unknown God. Having been tempted, like Faust, with the desire for freedom, they did not imagine all apostates from traditional morality to be absolute sinners—rather they described them as the dupes of a romantic idealism. In *The Scarlet Letter* Hawthorne recognized the integrity of his transcendental heroine, even though he condemned her. And in *Moby Dick* Melville realized the magnificence of Ahab, even while describing the inevitable destruction of his romantic ideal. Although these two writers went beyond the genteel tradition to pay homage to the unknown God, they returned to tradition, arguing that men should follow a known god rather than seek a fancied perfection.

Perhaps Hawthorne was the most typical, as well as one of the greatest, writers of the genteel tradition. Born in puritan Salem, in an atmosphere of genteel poverty, he learned to revere as well as to hate his heritage. If he accepted for himself the curse of Maule, which he described in *The House of the Seven Gables,* he did not accept it blindly. In *The Scarlet*

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21 See Yvor Winters, *Maule's Curse* (Norfolk, Connecticut, 1938).

Letter he followed in imagination the alternative of individual freedom to its end, and concluded that, like Dimmesdale, it was not for him. In *The Blithedale Romance* he rejected the alternative of social liberalism. And finally, in *The Marble Faun,* his imagination sought refuge in Rome, the source of all orthodox tradition. Through the character of Hilda, who worshiped at the shrine of the Virgin Mary and became "almost a Catholic," he prophesied the return of modern Americans such as T. S. Eliot to the Catholic faith. But Hawthorne remained true to his own tradition, and ended his days in ancestral New England. Rejecting the two living religions of militant liberalism and of Roman Catholicism, he resigned himself, without hope, to his own puritan traditionalism.

Less genteel and less puritan than Hawthorne, Melville followed a less familiar path to the same end. Where Hawthorne experimented with freedom at Brook Farm and in imagination, Melville actually pursued this ideal over the seven seas. But in *Mardi* he concluded that ideal freedom was empty, and in *Pierre* that it was immoral. In *Clarel* he recorded his pilgrimage to the traditional Holy Land. And in *Billy Budd* he reaffirmed the justice of the established morality, even when it condemned a righteous man to death. With the sad eyes of a reformed romantic, he accepted as inevitable the defeat of human freedom. And like Hawthorne, he too resigned himself to fate.

Thus Transcendental liberty caused reaction: to escape the apparent emptiness following the new revolt from tradition, Hawthorne returned to the Puritan past and Melville to the stern old morality. Hawthorne even suggested that the vacuum might be filled by the Roman Catholic faith. But meanwhile other descendants of the Puritans sought to fill it instead with the rich culture of a humanistic past. If the religion of liberty seemed empty, if the religion of Puritanism was outmoded, and the religion of Rome alien, there remained the religion of human culture. This was more credible than Cal-

vinism, and more universal than Catholicism. The immense popularity of the writings of Longfellow and Lowell bears witness to the genuine spiritual need which their gentility satisfied. If the narrow Puritan humanism had failed, the broad classical humanism might succeed.

To be exact, Puritan humanism now expanded to become classical humanism; the religion of the Bible became the religion of Books. Lowell felt this continuity when he prophesied, with characteristically heavy humor, that "the broad foreheads and the long heads will win the day at last . . . , and it will be enough if we feel as keenly as our Puritan founders did that those organs of empire may be broadened and lengthened by culture." [22] Although it is significant that he described culture as a means to empire, it is even more significant that he traced it to the Puritan past and that he made it a continuing means to salvation: "It will be enough."

As a religion, genteel humanism had two aspects, the first moralistic, the second pious (in the more modern sense of the word). The first found expression in Longfellow's famous "Psalm of Life," and second in his "The Day is Done." Although the first bore a certain resemblance to the Transcendental faith, it preached a morality not of self-reliance but of dutiful acceptance: "With a heart for any fate . . . Learn to labor and to wait." And the second preached the religion of culture, that literature has power to make life acceptable:

> . . . songs have power to quiet
> The restless pulse of care
> And come like the benediction
> That follows after prayer.

But the purpose of both poems was religious, like the purpose of Puritan humanism. Either poetry inspires, like a psalm, or else it consoles, like a prayer. To take the place of the Puri-

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[22] From "New England Two Centuries Ago," *Among My Books* (Boston, 1871), 244.

tan faith which had faded, Longfellow substituted a more humanistic piety.

For this reason, perhaps, Longfellow was greater than Lowell: where the critic merely preached the culture of the classical past, the poet made it live. He filled the spiritual emptiness which the Transcendental revolt from tradition had caused. He invoked the gods of Olympus and of Valhalla to reinforce the old Puritan God. And in a twilight realm of poetry, his fabulous heroes kept the faith. Lowell was to make clear the implications of that faith.

Like Hawthorne and Melville, Lowell had shared in the Transcendental dream. His essay on Thoreau describes this enthusiasm from the mature perspective of *My Study Windows*. There was something good in it, of course: "the Puritanism that cannot die" had produced Emerson. But there was more that was bad in it; Thoreau reflected its selfishness, its moral emptiness, and its morbid escape to nature.

Instead of this naturalism with its worship of newness, Lowell sought to substitute the solid wisdom of the human past: "What a sense of security in an old book that Time has criticised for us!" From the confusion of modern thought, he turned to the "sane and balanced" writers before Rousseau. More liberal than his follower, Irving Babbit, he agreed that Rousseau "is as consistent as a man who admits new ideas can ever be." But his conclusion is clear: what is new cannot be consistent, and what is traditional is good. "Democracy" is good, he said, because "properly understood, it is a conservative force." And America, the child of Great Britain, is "a democracy with conservative instincts." To strengthen this hereditary conservatism the genteel descendant of the Puritans preached a religion of humanistic culture: *Among My Books*.

III

Following Lowell, a host of minor gentlemen refined the old tradition still further. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, E. C. Sted-

man, E. P. Whipple, and Charles Eliot Norton became so exclusively "genteel," indeed, that they hardly remained human. Were it not for their far-reaching influence—first, on the thought of the new humanists, and secondly, on popular taste—they might now be forgotten. But they helped carry the old ideas to their logical conclusions.

While this gentility was developing, the meaning of words was changing, and narrowing. For instance, "puritanism" was slowly coming to mean an exclusive, moral traditionalism. And "humanism" was coming to mean an equally exclusive cultural traditionalism. The content of "puritanism" and of "humanism" was being divided in half. Reacting against the Transcendental enthusiasm, gentility was supplanting the old gods with half-gods; soon, only the cultured would be human.

The exclusive aspect of this "new humanism" found its clearest expression in the first book of Irving Babbitt, in which the young author specifically avowed his debt to the gentle Charles Eliot Norton. In *Literature and the American College*, Babbitt outlined all his major ideas. The Renaissance humanists, he said, had taken for their motto Terence's *"humani nihil a me alienum puto,"* and had embraced everything human. But they had missed true (*i.e.*, classical) humanism because they had denied "the idea of selection," which Aristotle had first established. "Very few of the early humanists were really humane . . . Rabelais, for instance, is neither decorous or select." [23] So the new humanist emphasized selection rather than humanity—classical culture rather than human sympathy. Rejecting the indecorous elements of the broadly humanistic past, he sought to establish a strict cultural tradition, just as the latter-day puritans had rejected the unknown God to establish a strict moral tradition.

As Santayana was to point out, this was really not humanism at all, but supernaturalism.[24] It was the degradation of

[23] *Literature and the American College* (Boston, 1908), 20.
[24] *The Genteel Tradition at Bay* (New York, 1931), 28.

one half of humanity and the deification of the other half, an attempt "to sacrifice ruthlessly one set of passions merely in order to intensify another set." That the virtuous set of passions were called "human," and were even denied the name of "passions" made little difference. Essentially this new humanism sought to reinforce a passionate conservatism by an appeal to the quasi-religious authority of classical literature. It made cultural absolutism the cloak for moral absolutism. "The new humanism" was really the old Puritan moralism in new clothes.

The virtue of this new humanism was that it recaptured some of the religious enthusiasm and logical rigor of the old Puritan theology. Unlike the urbane Lowell and the genteel Norton, Babbitt fought for his convictions against all comers, using all the weapons of the intellect. Let an opponent once admit his premises, and his conclusions were inescapable. The only way to conquer him (besides ignoring him, as many critics did) was to attack his first principles (as Santayana did). His logic was powerful.

The weakness of Babbitt's "humanism" was partly the narrowness of his moral principles, but even more the rigidity with which he applied them to literature. If his moral philosophy was authoritarian, it was nevertheless based upon a classical tradition. But his literary applications of this moral philosophy were wholly negative: he damned every important modern writer since Rousseau. Where others had been content to describe the failure of the romantic enthusiasm, he sought utterly to eradicate it. Where Hawthorne, Melville, and even Lowell, had sympathized while they condemned, Babbitt denied all human value to Romance. He insisted not only that literature should inculcate strict morality, but also that it should refrain from treating the romantic passions with sympathy. *Moby Dick* seemed to him bad because the character of Ahab lacked all self-restraint, or "decorum": that it described the self-destruction of the monomaniac hero was not enough.

Clearly, this narrow "humanism" implied "puritanism," and even a genteel censorship: it would not merely condemn all unrestrained emotion in literature but would wholly exclude it. Against this narrowness, therefore, other "humanists" objected. Paul Elmer More sought to apply Babbitt's standards with greater tolerance, although with less precision. Yvor Winters showed how even the romantic heroism of Melville's Ahab and of Hawthorne's Hester implied a traditional morality. And a recent humanist has suggested that, although Babbitt's ethical or moral criticism was usually excellent, his literary criticism was merely negative.[25]

Thus the genteel tradition which began as Puritan moralism, has returned to orthodox morality as the source of all judgment and the end of all argument. It has rejected, therefore, the Puritan piety which admitted the omnipotence of a hidden God. It has rejected the Transcendental enthusiasm which sought to discover the hidden God, even in defiance of established morality. It has rejected the naturalistic science which has called all revealed truth into question. It has rejected even that part of the humanistic tradition which gloried in the natural instincts of man. Although it has recognized the strength, and even the beauty, of the human instinct of liberty and desire for newness, it has opposed this liberalism in the name of morality and of law.

IV

If the genteel tradition is narrow, illiberal, and opposed to everything modern, why is it so strong? Santayana prophesied its death, but lived to describe its renaissance. A Marxian critic has attacked it as "fantastic," but has approved T. S. Eliot's statement that only this tradition and Marxian socialism offer living faiths to modern man.[26] In American universities, even in the untraditional West, the tradition continues

[25] Wylie Sypher, "Irving Babbitt," in the *New England Quarterly* (March, 1941), XIV, 64.

[26] Bernard Smith, *Forces in American Criticism* (New York, 1939), 384.

to flourish. And it continues to govern popular taste, as evidenced by the best-seller lists and by the frequent outbursts of "moral" censorship by elected authorities. The genteel tradition is not dead, nor is it dying.

The reason for this vitality is suggested by the words of a hostile critic: "In the plainest, least evasive of words, gentility is conservatism. It is the moral and social orthodoxy of the bourgeois who has, so to speak, been 'refined.' "[27] But if the genteel tradition is conservatism, a fair majority of Americans are genteel; a recent poll of public opinion showed that fifty-three per cent of all American citizens consider themselves "conservative," rather than "liberal." And if the genteel tradition is "bourgeois," a majority of Americans believe that they belong to the middle class. Finally, most middle-class Americans still desire to become "refined," as well: the old cultural ideal remains popular in our political democracy.

Actually, the genteel tradition has developed from historic American beginnings, and remains widely popular today. But beyond these clear facts, the tradition also includes permanent values. It reaffirms the truth of those humanistic ideals which were preliminary, and therefore remain necessary, even to the naturalistic philosophy of a scientific age. And it reaffirms the eternal necessity of ideals, or "standards" of some sort, to every age: it challenges democratic naturalism to define its own new standards.

The old Puritan and humanistic virtues of hard work, discipline, moderation, and the rest (which Franklin formulated and which Irving Babbitt reaffirmed) can never be discarded. Emerson and Whitman did not deny them, but rather relegated them to the realm of unconscious habit, and then went on to emphasize that imagination, invention, and artistic creation are greater virtues than these. But in the process of revolt from the extreme discipline of the old morality, Transcendental self-reliance and equalitarian democracy often

[27] *Forces in American Criticism*, 40.

neglected, and often still neglect, the preliminary needs of discipline and routine. The old Puritans and the new humanists have wisely emphasized the evil consequences of this neglect.

The genteel tradition has recently found imaginative embodiment in the character of Henry Pulham, Esquire, hero of John Marquand's novel. As the personnel director of a New York advertising firm says of him: "There is something basic there." [28] Among the "idea-men" and high-pressure salesmen of the modern metropolis, this genteel and conscientious routineer remains indispensable. And the solid strength of his character emphasizes the unstable weakness of his associates'.

But when this typical Henry Pulham, Esquire, returns to his ancestral Boston to fill the niche which has father has occupied in the mahogany offices of a securities investment firm, he becomes merely genteel. He cuts himself off from the struggle of modern life to take refuge in a decadent security. He denies the potentialities of growth which have always lain dormant in his character, until what was "basic" becomes merely solid. The fundamentals of human morality which he has embodied become fundamentalism. And in him, "the great tradition" of American life forgets the principle of growth and change, and becomes merely "the genteel tradition."

To summarize: this genteel tradition of American humanism has become reactionary only when it has divorced itself from the forces of change and renewal; just as the old Puritan moralism became decadent only when divorced from the old Puritan piety. When gentlemen have sought to impose a rigidly classical culture upon a growing, democratic society; when conservatives have sought to impede the processes of democratic change; when "puritans" have denied the possibility of a more liberal morality than the old, and when

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[28] John P. Marquand, *H. M. Pulham, Esquire* (Boston, 1941), 131.

"humanists" have taken refuge from the unknown God of high religion and of science in the revealed literature of the past—then the great tradition has become decadent and partial. Too often has this been so. But when the old tradition has married the new idealism and merged itself in the larger life of the country, it has contributed "something basic" and indispensable, and has ceased to be "genteel."

EDWARD BELLAMY, SOCIAL DREAMER

CHARLES A. MADISON

EXPLAINING the genesis of his extraordinary novel in the first issue of *The Nationalist* (May, 1889), Edward Bellamy remarked:

> In undertaking to write *Looking Backward* I had, at the outset, no idea of attempting a serious contribution to the movement of social reform. The idea was of a mere literary fantasy, a fairy tale of social felicity. There was no thought of contriving a house which practical men might live in, but merely of hanging in mid-air, far out of the reach of the sordid and material world of the present, a cloud palace for an ideal humanity.

Bellamy's critics took him at his word. They assumed that he had merely stumbled on his plan of economic equality in his effort to write a romance of social fantasy. Even so friendly an admirer as William Dean Howells, who placed Bellamy's fiction alongside that of Hawthorne, was of the opinion that *Looking Backward* was pretty much of an accident. Following the author's modest self-appraisal, he paraphrased him as follows: "... he had come to think of our hopeless conditions suddenly, one day, in looking at his own children, and reflecting that he could not place them beyond the chance of want by any industry or forecast or providence; and that the status meant the same impossibility for others which it meant for him." [1]

Yet the facts of Bellamy's life argue against this assumption. He had his roots deep in the melioristic environment of New England, having been born in 1850 in Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts, where his father served for many years as the minister of the Baptist Church. The moral atmosphere of his home

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[1] *Atlantic Monthly*, LXXXII (August, 1898), 256.

helped to develop in him the ethical fervor characteristic of the idealistic puritan. He grew up eager to promote justice and mitigate poverty and suffering. It was this serious view of life that made him leave Union College at the end of his freshman year and go instead to a famous German university. The destitution and drabness of the continental slums only accentuated his dissatisfaction with the existing social system. "It was in the great cities of Europe," he wrote in his Journal,[2] "that my eyes were first fully opened to the extent and consequences of man's inhumanity to man." This humanitarian protest no doubt predisposed him to the socialism of Karl Marx, which was then erupting among the urban workers; it is equally probable that he followed the excited debates at the annual conference of the First International during his sojourn in Germany.

On his return home in 1870 he decided to study law, and a year later he was admitted to the bar. The more he learned about the ways of lawyers, however, the less he wished to be one of them. What he thought of them may be gathered from the hyperbole uttered by one of his characters in *The Duke of Stockbridge,* "I calc'late ye could cut five tories aout o' one lawyer an' make a dozen skunks aout o' what wuz left over." [3] As a man of principle he could not practice a profession he disdained.

Now fully "aroused to the existence and urgency of the social problem," the earnest youth of twenty-one found himself face to face with the brash rapaciousness of the Robber Barons of his day. The prevailing iniquitous wage system seemed to him no better than slavery. Had he had the opportunity, he undoubtedly would have taken an active part in reforming a society which permitted the existence of both grasping millionaires and penniless tramps. But there was then no organized reform movement; nor was he fanatic

[2] From unpublished papers of Edward Bellamy, quoted by Allan Seager, *They Worked for a Better World* (New York, 1939).

[3] *The Duke of Stockbridge* (New York, 1900), 28.

enough to initiate a crusade. It was more in keeping with his character to express his dissenting views in a lecture with the telling title "The Barbarism of Society." One of the points he stressed was that "the great reforms of the world have hitherto been political rather than social. In their progress classes privileged by title have been swept away, but classes privileged by wealth remain."[4] His logical conclusion was that wealth is at the root of all social injustice: "I ask only that none labor beyond measure that others may be idle, that there be no more masters and no more slaves among men. Is that too much? Not so, for nothing that is unjust can be eternal and nothing that is just can be impossible."[5] Here in brief is the full kernel of the idea of equality which he later developed so persuasively in *Looking Backward.*

Unable to find a ready outlet for his ethical zeal, determined to begin earning his own living, already timidly nursing the ambition to become a writer, young Bellamy decided to obtain work on a newspaper. His first job was with the New York *Evening Post.* After about a year he left it to become an editorial writer and book reviewer on the Springfield, Massachusetts, *Union.* His successful career as a journalist ended suddenly some five years later, when he suffered a physical breakdown. As soon as he was able, he took a leisurely trip to Hawaii *via* Panama, and felt much improved on his return across the continent late in 1877. Loath to jeopardize his frail health, he thought it best not to return to a newspaper desk but to try to write salable fiction. His first novel, *Six to One: A Nantucket Idyl,* was completed within a year and received with considerable favor. *Dr. Heidendorff's Process* and *Miss Ludington's Sister* were published in 1880 and 1884 respectively, and the leading periodicals accepted his short stories. He combined a fertile inventiveness with a gentle realism to create a whimsy world of his own, and when his setting was not in the realm of fancy it was located

[4] *Edward Bellamy Speaks Again* (Chicago, 1935), 218.
[5] *Edward Bellamy Speaks Again,* 220–221.

in the small-town environment which he knew well. His characters were drawn with the clarity and acuteness of sympathetic understanding. Reviewers in this country and in England appreciated his imaginative style of writing, and more than one spoke of him as a lineal descendant of Hawthorne. In the meantime he had married and became the father of two children. It was after the birth of his second child, in 1886, that his thoughts turned to a romance in which injustice and insecurity were known only as a part of the abolished capitalistic system.

Bellamy had not, of course, shuttered his vision of a better world during the previous fifteen years. Time had, indeed, merely accentuated his repugnance to the poverty and greed which, to his thinking, blighted the progress of our great economic development. Only, like many other different men of good will, he lacked the zeal to initiate a crusade for social reform. Fiction became his chief outlet, and a number of his characters were endowed with intrinsic goodness and a predilection for the right. Very early in his career as a novelist, moreover, he gave free vent to his social indignation in *The Duke of Stockbridge: A Romance of Shays' Rebellion*, one of the first American novels to treat the problem of the class struggle with the directness and passion of the ardent reformer. Since he depended on his writing for a livelihood, however, he was loath to see it published at that time. After it had appeared as a serial in the obscure *Berkshire Courier* in 1879, the novel remained in his drawer until it was issued in book form in 1900, two years after the author's death.

The Duke of Stockbridge has its setting in the western part of Massachusetts. In 1786 the acute economic depression which followed the Revolutionary War drove the impoverished populace to desperation. Hard money was practically unobtainable, so that commerce was almost at a standstill. High taxes and harsh creditors were subjecting the farmers to beggary and incarceration by the cruel process of foreclosure. Throughout Massachusetts "men talked of nothing

else but the hard times, the limited markets and low prices for farm produce, the extortions and multiplying numbers of lawyers and sheriffs, the oppression of creditors, the enormous grinding taxes, the last sheriff's sale." The more vocal of the villagers insisted that "the only work that pays nowadays is picking the bones of the people."[6] Since many of the sufferers were yeomen who had fought in the war to establish their inalienable human rights, they could not but feel themselves exploited by a greedy gentry. In their wrath they defied the authorities and stopped the courts from victimizing them; and although they were cowed into submission before very long, they forced a frightened government to institute appropriate reforms.

Bellamy chose this historic incident because it enabled him to stress the deep social gulf between the hard-fisted squires and the destitute farmers. In his research and reflection preparatory to writing the novel he was distressed to discover that the inequality between the two classes showed no signs of abatement during the century in which the wealth of the country had multiplied manifold. His sympathy with the poor is seen in the pithy expression which his yeomen give to their rightful grievances. One of them, referring to the tenfold rise in taxes at a time when money is unobtainable, remarks sarcastically, "It seems darn curis, bein' as we fit ag'in the redcoats jest to git rid o' taxes." The same villager says on another occasion, "Wal, we licked the redcoats, and we got lib'ty, I s'pose; lib'ty to starve,—that is, if we don't happen to git sent to jail fust."[7] At still another time he speaks his mind, Yankee-fashion, to one of the powerful squires: "They said, ye'd got no more compassion fer the poor than a flint stun . . . an' would take a feller's last drop o' blood sooner'n lose a penny debt. They said, them fellers did, that

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[6] *The Duke of Stockbridge*, 14 and 18.
[7] *The Duke of Stockbridge*, 23 and 26.

yer hands, white as they look, wuz red with the blood o' them that ye'd sent to die in jail." [8]

The gentry are equally outspoken in their insistence on their God-given right to govern the country for their own good. Many of them think of their indigent townsmen as a team of horses which they can use at will. At the first sign of rebelliousness they crack the whip. One of them expostulates: "This presumption of the people to talk concerning matters of government is an evil that has greatly increased since the war, and calls for sharp castigation. These numskulls must be taught their places or 't will shortly be no country for gentlemen to live in." Another squire is equally frank: "We must look to it, gentlemen, or we shall find that we have ridded ourselves of a king only to fall into the hands of a democracy, which I take it would be a bad exchange." [9] When we consider that the sentiments of these men, some of them about to draft our federal Constitution, are quoted from their own writings, we can appreciate Bellamy's warm compassion for their debt-ridden victims.

The novel does not hold up to the end. The narrative begins well, the thesis is stated with pointed clarity, and the characters are limned sharply against a realistic background. But the development of events gradually becomes lost in the thickening layer of conventional romance, and the progress of the rebellion gives way to the mawkish love story in the latter half of the book. To the very end, however, there is no mistaking the author's zeal to abolish the causes of human distress.

Although Bellamy's social conscience appeared to have become quiescent after its crusading spree in *The Duke of Stockbridge,* he was too much the humanitarian not to be deeply troubled by the rapacious activities of an aggressive industrialism. The existence of a group of multi-millionaires

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[8] *The Duke of Stockbridge,* 196.
[9] *The Duke of Stockbridge,* 45 and 52.

who manipulated the economic life of the nation for their private advantage was to him the negation of democracy; nor was he underestimating the angry mutterings of millions of workers who were groping blindly yet with increasing insistence for the means of a better livelihood. He had learned that "wealth is power in its most concentrated, most efficient and most universally applicable form"[10]—and he abominated the greed which it engendered. Exploited labor, on the other hand, he envisaged as a dormant giant capable of great eruptive strength—and he dreaded the wanton destructiveness of social revolution. As he observed the two antagonistic forces girding for battle—and the bloody strikes of the period seemed a mere prelude—he became convinced that unless a way was found to eliminate the evils of capitalistic exploitation, the nation was certain to be involved in another civil war that would shake it to the roots.

Looking Backward, completed in 1887, presented Bellamy's way out. The book treats with prophetic effectiveness the new social order based upon the system of cooperative equality. Yet it is not merely another story of elusive utopia. Indeed, the great appeal of the novel is due to the fact that although it was essential to its basic theme to advance the time to the year 2000 and to describe almost unimaginable scientific and social advancements such as the radio, the airplane, television, paper clothing, and complete economic equality, Bellamy emulated Defoe in his deliberate effort to keep within the bounds of credibility. *"Looking Backward,"* he tells us in a later postscript, "although in form a fanciful romance, is intended, in all seriousness, as a forecast, in accordance with the principles of evolution, of the next stage in industrial and social development of humanity, especially in this country; and no part of it is believed by the author to be better supported by the indications of probability than the implied prediction that the dawn of the new era is already near at hand,

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10 *Edward Bellamy Speaks Again,* 53.

and that the full day will swiftly follow." [11] His one excursion in legerdemain—Julian West remaining in a perfect state of suspended animation for 113 years—is so obviously a permissible *tour de force* bridging the gap between the two eras that we tend to overlook it in our eagerness to learn about the future of our society.

Bellamy evolved the social system of the year 2000 naturally and logically out of the destined desuetude of the contemporary order. He begins with the premise that monopolistic capitalism, which in his day was spreading its financial tentacles in every direction and rapidly gaining control of the nation's entire economy, was strangling the mass markets on which its existence depended and thereby making possible the final merger of all trusts into one Big Trust. The unification of all the means of production and distribution under the aegis of the government must, of course, be brought about gradually and by the will of the people. This economic transformation, once begun, will be consummated more rapidly than at first seemed possible. For instance, if the majority of the voters were persuaded of the advantages of public ownership, what was to stop them from directing the government to take over and operate the large utilities for the benefit of the people? Why could not the railroads, practically bankrupted by watered-stock manipulations, be taken over and run on the same basis as the postal service? And if once these utilities were managed for the benefit of the entire nation—including the army of employees—rather than for the profit of a few millionaires, would not the collapse of capitalistic enterprise become inevitable? Once the industrial system was nationalized—in control of a single owner, the people, instead of irresponsible monopolistic trusts,—the subsequent program of equalization was certain to eliminate the current social ills and transform the country into a veritable earthly paradise.

The great appeal of Bellamy's plan lay in its cogent presen-

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11 *Looking Backward, 2000–1887* (Boston, 1888), 334.

tation as an accomplished fact. The reader is confronted not with an imaginary social scheme which is obviously impracticable but with a perfected way of life based on the existing industrial system. Dr. Leete, who is Julian West's mentor in the new society, informs him that the change from monopolistic capitalism to cooperative equality occurred early in the twentieth century. At that time "the people of the United Sates concluded to assume the conduct of their own business, just as one hundred odd years before they had assumed the conduct of their own government, organizing now for industrial purposes on precisely the same grounds that they had then organized for political purposes.... There was absolutely no violence. The change had been long foreseen. Public opinion had become fully ripe for it, and the whole mass of the people was behind it. There was no more possibility of opposing it by force than by argument." [12]

Once the country's economy became nationalized and the profit motive was eliminated, the prime function of the government became the protection of the people from "cold, hunger and nakedness" rather than from foreign aggression. To this end it divided the total national income equally among all citizens. Unemployment vanished as if by magic. "When the nation became the sole employer, all the citizens, by virtue of their citizenship, became employees, to be distributed to the needs of industry." Indeed, everyone of a certain age had to work—work or starve. Service to the state was made a necessary concomitant to the equality of income. "To speak of service being compulsory," Dr. Leete explained, "would be a weak way to state its absolute inevitableness. Our entire social order is so wholly based upon and deduced from it that if it were conceivable that a man could escape it, he would be left with no possible way to provide for his existence. He would have excluded himself from the world,

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12 *Looking Backward*, 56–57.

cut himself off from his kind, in a word, committed suicide."[13]

In its efforts to provide work for everyone and thus to bring about the greatest possible productiveness, the government found it convenient to adapt the plan of military service to its civil needs. The reasoning was that even as every able-bodied young man owed his country a term of service in the army for the protection of all from an outside enemy, so every citizen of the cooperative state is required to work for a definite period to insure a common abundance of the necessaries of life. Experimentation led to the decision that twenty-four years of work would suffice for the lifetime well-being of all. Since the period of youth is required for education and that of late maturity "sacred to ease and agreeable relaxation," the interim of service begins on one's twenty-first birthday and ends on the forty-fifth. On every October 15 those who have served twenty-four years are mustered out, to be called back only in emergencies, and all youths of twenty-one are enlisted for their term of service.

In the new society the hit-or-miss way of doing things under capitalism was replaced by a system based upon scientific skills and certainties. The greatest possible caution is exercised in guiding each individual in the development of his capacities and aptitudes. "The principle on which our industrial army is organized," Dr. Leete pointed out, "is that a man's natural endowments, mental and physical, determine what he can work at most profitably to the nation and most satisfactorily to himself."[14] Children are carefully trained by both parents and teachers, and all are thoroughly familiarized with all kinds of trades and occupations. As a consequence young men and women know what they prefer to do long before they are mustered into service and are only too eager to begin working. To avoid overcrowding in some occupations and a shortage of applicants in others, the administration seeks "constantly to equalize the attractions of the trades,

[13] *Looking Backward*, 62 and 63.

[14] *Looking Backward*, 65.

so far as the conditions of labor in them are concerned, so that all trades shall be equally attractive to persons having natural tastes for them. This is done by making the hours of labor in different trades differ according to their arduousness." [15] Since this apportionment of work-time will not necessarily eliminate the greater appeal of certain occupations, everyone is required to develop a second or even a third choice, so that if one's first preference is unavailable, one "can still find reasonably congenial employment. This principle of secondary choices as to occupation is quite important in our system." [16]

First, however, one has to undergo a period of hardening and leveling. To make sure that work of a necessary but unpleasant nature is performed as needed, everyone is required to devote the first three years of service to common labor. With the advance of science and without the check of the profit motive it has become possible to reduce the distastefulness of much of this work to a minimum; even sewers have lost their offensive odors, and ditch-digging has become a relatively simple mechanical task. At the completion of this period of service a young man is free "to choose, in accordance with his natural tastes, whether he will fit himself for an art or profession, or be a farmer or mechanic." If he wishes to prepare himself for a profession, and if his previous record favors such preparation, he enrolls in the school offering the required course. Should he prove himself unable to keep up with his class, he is required to leave the school and obtain employment of a less taxing nature. He is permitted, however, to apply for special training up to the age of thirty.

Under capitalism, with business being conducted by "irresponsible individuals, wholly without mutual understanding or concert," there were various kinds of egregious waste: mistaken undertakings, cut-throat competition, periodical gluts and crises, strikes and lockouts, any one sufficing to keep a

[15] *Looking Backward*, 67.
[16] *Looking Backward*, 69.

nation economically inefficient. In the cooperative society, with all industry under unified control and with the proficiency of every worker developed to the utmost, production exceeded all expectations. It soon became possible for the administration to provide each citizen, in return for his twenty-four years of labor, with a lifelong annual income of about $4000 in addition to many free services. As a consequence "no man any more has any care for the morrow, either for himself or his children, for the nation guarantees the nurture, education and comfortable maintenance of every citizen from the cradle to the grave."[17]

Bellamy defended this guarantee of complete equality of income on two grounds: our common humanity and industrial efficiency. In the first place, since civilization is our common inheritance, the fruits thereof should be shared by all alike. From the days of our savage ancestors, when no man acquired more than his essential needs, to our own time with its marked discrepancy of income, all that a man earns above his bare living he owes to the accumulated skills and inventions of the past. By himself even the most successful capitalist would soon relapse into savagery.

> Every man, however solitary may seem his occupation, is a member of a vast industrial partnership, as large as the nation, as large as humanity. The necessity of mutual dependence should imply the duty and guarantee of mutual support. . . . The right of a man to maintenance at the nation's table depends on the fact that he is a man, and not on the amount of health and strength he may have, so long as he does his best.[18]

By making the measure of income "one's humanity and not one's ability," Bellamy maintained logically that all human beings—the sick and the inferior as much as the well and the able—are entitled to an equal share of the nation's income. This ethical principle he fortified by the appeal of general

[17] *Looking Backward*, 90.
[18] *Looking Backward*, 132–133.

economic advantage. Under capitalism, competition and greed tended to dissipate efficient production. Economic equality, on the contrary, stimulates industrial combination and increases production. Thus, "even if the principle of share and share alike for all men were not the only humane and rational basis for a society, we should still enforce it as economically expedient, seeing that until the disintegrating influence of self-seeking is suppressed no true concert of industry is possible."[19]

One of the first victims of the new order was money. Under capitalism it was an essential commodity—the key to all doors in the hands of the wealthy and the whip over the poor. With economic equality the use of money became superfluous. Buying and selling are considered anti-social transgressions, encouraging "self-seeking at the expense of others." Nor is there any need for trading. Direct distribution from national storehouses, with branches in every inhabited locality, has completely replaced the private stores and shops. In these public depositories an individual orders what he needs by means of a credit card. "A credit corresponding to his share of the annual product of the nation is given to every citizen on the public books at the beginning of each year, and a credit card issued him with which he procures at the public storehouses, found in every community, whatever he desires whenever he desires it."[20] It may not be amiss at this point to mention that our wartime experience with rationing cards is a reminder of the feasibility of the plan.

Bellamy stressed the encouragement of individual differences in his equalitarian society. He pointed out that the cultivation of personal taste is one of the features of the new order, since everyone can use his ample credit card in any way he wishes. Indeed, the aim of education is to develop a child's special capacities to their highest degree, not only for his own sake but also for the pleasure of those with whom he

[19] *Looking Backward*, 244.
[20] *Looking Backward*, 87.

comes in contact. Women are likewise given the same opportunities as men in order that they may exercise their particular talents to the advantage of the entire nation. These and other aspects of the perfected social system are described with such matter-of-fact plausibility that one is favorably prepared for Dr. Leete's assertion that "in the time of one generation men laid aside the social traditions and practices of barbarians, and assumed a social order worthy of rational and human beings. Ceasing to be predatory in their habits, they became co-workers, and found in fraternity, at once, the science of health and happiness."[21]

Looking Backward was published in January, 1888, and was immediately recognized as a work of extraordinary significance. Many Americans were at the time painfully perturbed by the combination of capitalistic aggrandizement and industrial conflict. They were vaguely aware of the new economic speculation abroad, but preferred an American expression of it. The new utopia, describing a system of reform at once appealing and seemingly practicable, served as a clarifying catalysis. Bellamy knew this. "A work of propaganda like *Looking Backward*," he explained, "produces an effect precisely in proportion as it is a bare anticipation in expression of what everybody was thinking and about to say."[22] A few conservative critics scorned the book as a fantastic concoction; several learned economists proved it fallacious and impertinent; but many thousands of enthusiastic readers, thoroughly dissatisfied with capitalistic inequality, were ready to use the novel as a blueprint for the new society. Ten thousand copies were sold in 1888, 200,000 the year after; and about a million copies in all were in active circulation during the early 1890's. Frank B. Tracy, writing in *The Forum* of May, 1893, stated, "Copies of *Looking Backward* are in every community. Probably every village has at least one man who is a thorough Nationalist, while hundreds of

21 *Looking Backward*, 285.
22 *Edward Bellamy Speaks Again*, 137.

his neighbors are in sympathy with its principles." Measured by its phenomenal popularity as well as by its propagandistic effectiveness, the volume is undoubtedly one of the most influential books ever published in this country. It ranks with *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and *Progress and Poverty*.

Almost at once *Looking Backward* became a focal point for the Nationalist groups which sprang up everywhere with the sole aim of propagating the new social system.[23] The first Nationalist club was organized in Boston shortly after the book first appeared. Within two years, more than 150 similar clubs were in active existence, most of them west of the Mississippi, without any aid or stimulation from any central source. These groups published periodicals, conducted discussion forums, participated in political campaigns, and appeared a genuine threat to the capitalistic order. They called themselves Nationalists because their aim was "to nationalize the functions of production and distribution," to bring "the entire business system of the country under the same popular government which now extends only to a few comparatively trifling functions called political."[24] In the Presidential campaign of 1892 they united with the Populists and exerted a considerable influence among the Western farmers and organized labor.

The great popularity of *Looking Backward* forced upon Bellamy the role of a leader and reformer. Shy man that he was, and afflicted with "weak lungs," he found himself drawn into the public arena. As the acclaimed head of a vigorous social crusade he had to lecture before Nationalist audiences, reply to belligerent critics, and write expository articles for popular periodicals. During 1891–1893 he also edited *The New Nation* and gave to it much of his time and thought. In addition, since he was not a professional economist and

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[23] See G. H. Franklin, "Edward Bellamy and the Nationalist Movement," *New England Quarterly*, XI (December, 1938), 739–772.

[24] *Edward Bellamy Speaks Again*, 148.

yet had to cope with academic adversaries, he found it necessary to make a thorough study of economic theory.

On the platform and in his writings he excoriated the cankerous evils of capitalism and urged the need of economic reform. On the masthead of *The New Nation* he repeated weekly the following credo:

> The exercise of irresponsible power, by whatever means, is tyranny, and should not be tolerated. The power which men irresponsibly exercise for their private ends, over individuals and communities, through superior wealth, is essentially tyrannous, and as inconsistent with democratic principle and as offensive to self-respecting men as any form of political tyranny that was ever endured. As political equality is the remedy for political tyranny, so is economic equality the only way of putting an end to the economic tyranny exercised by the few over the many through the superiority of wealth. The industrial system of a nation, like its political system, should be a government of the people, by the people, for the people. Until economic equality shall give a basis to political equality, the latter is but a sham.

One of his first demands in behalf of Nationalism was the public ownership of the railroads, the telephone and telegraph systems, the express companies, the coal mines, and the essential municipal utilities. He insisted that "the brute principle of competition" must be replaced by "the nobler principle of association"; that "the nationalization of industry presents the logical, conclusive, and complete form of evolution from competition toward combination which is now in progress."[25] It was his belief that, if no unforeseen reaction set in, all business in the United States would become the property of the state early in the twentieth century and that responsible public agents would operate it for the benefit of all the people.

Again and again he took pains to point out that he was no Marxian and that he abominated the ideas of either violent

[25] *Edward Bellamy Speaks Again*, 44.

revolution or the dictatorship of one group over all others. Nationalism was to him synonymous with "economic democracy"—a principle implicit in the Declaration of Independence and rooted deep in the heart of every true American. "We seek the final answer to the social question not in revolution, but in evolution; not in destruction, but in fulfilment,—the fulfilment of the hitherto stunted development of the nation according to its logical intent."[26] He was obviously no Marxian, even when he expounded socialistic doctrines. His quest for economic equality was in truth an attempt to bridle a colossal industrialism with the reins of Jeffersonian democracy.

Bellamy lacked the indomitable zeal of the fanatic leader. Although he had implicit faith in the principles he advocated and would gladly have given his life to abolish the existing inequalities, he was wanting in the driving energy and political shrewdness to force his will upon the nation. As it was, he failed to harness the tremendous popular enthusiasm generated by *Looking Backward* for the purpose of voting Nationalism into power. His "principle of human brotherhood," coming at a moment of national economic crisis, appealed greatly to the oppressed farmers and exploited urban workers. They flocked to his standard eager for the benefits of his panacea—only to lose heart when they found nothing tangible to get their teeth into, nothing to gird them for conflict. The passing of the panic of 1893 and the new spurt of industrial expansion swept the Nationalist movement into oblivion.

By nature a dreamer rather than a doer yet unable to accept defeat, Bellamy thought he could bolster Nationalist sentiment by strengthening and enhancing the edifice he had erected in *Looking Backward*. To this end he wrote *Equality*, a more thorough exposition of the economic and ethical principles which formed the pillars of the new society. This second book, while lacking the spontaneous imaginative appeal and

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[26] *Edward Bellamy Speaks Again*, 48.

emotional warmth of the earlier volume, is replete with cogent accounts of every aspect of economic equality. A good part of it is also concerned with an incisive criticism of capitalism. It was his strong belief that a more comprehensive report of his proposed social order could not but persuade all persons of normal intelligence and good will.

Equality discusses the evils of capitalism with satiric effectiveness. Julian West is treated to a classroom analysis of the economic system of the nineteenth century which demonstrates its irrational basis. One of the best chapters in the book is the Parable of the Water Tank, which epitomized the senseless economy in which a few aggressive men exploit the necessities of life for their private gain without regard to the suffering of the mass of mankind. Equally effective in the re-examination of the inefficiency of capitalism, in which the profit motive tends to curb the very mass markets on which industrialism depends. Nor does Bellamy overlook the chicanery of businessmen. "The desperate rivalry of the capitalists for a share in the scanty market which their own profit taking had beggared drove them to the practice of deception and brutality and compelled a hard-heartedness such as we are bound to believe human beings would not under a less pressure have been guilty of."[27]

Much more than in the earlier book, capitalism is indicted as undemocratic. Dr. Leete quotes statistics on the grave inequality of wealth towards the end of the nineteenth century and argues that the possession of political freedom without economic equality is like the occupation of the outworks without taking the citadel. "The Revolution came when the people saw that they must either take the citadel or evacuate the outworks. They must either complete the work of establishing popular government which had been barely begun by their fathers, or abandon all that their fathers had accomplished."[28] This combination of political democracy with

[27] *Equality* (New York, 1897), 174.
[28] *Equality*, 23.

economic equality is stated again and again as the basic principle of Nationalism. "The primal principle of democracy is the worth and dignity of the individual. That dignity, consisting in the quality of human nature, is essentially the same in all individuals, and therefore equality is the vital principle of democracy." Since capitalism is obviously anti-democratic, it is necessary to overthrow it by a peaceful revolution which will destroy "the last vestige of the system by which men usurped power over the lives and liberties of their fellows through economic means."[29]

Equality described the transition period in full detail. Once the efficiency of public ownership was demonstrated to the satisfaction of the majority, the people themselves insisted that the government take over all possible types of industries and services. This initial step both decreased unemployment and enhanced the standard of living. When scrip was given to government employees in lieu of cash and made the only means of purchasing goods at the public stores, it soon "became a currency which commanded three, four, and five hundred per cent premium over money which could only buy the high-priced and adulterated goods for sale in the remaining stores of the capitalists."[30] Before long the value of money disappeared entirely and the rich found it advisable to give up their useless wealth to the government and become members of the new economic order. At this point the state was able to "assume the responsibility of providing for all the people." Wages ceased to be paid, and every citizen began to receive an equal share of the total annual income. Poverty and ostentatious wealth disappeared simultaneously as if by magic.

Those who feared that the lack of a money incentive would destroy initiative and slacken production were soon convinced of their error. The people were so enthusiastic over their new sense of security and their improved living conditions

[29] *Equality*, 26 and 330.
[30] *Equality*, 357.

that they tripled the total product of the country during the first full year of the new order and doubled that amount during the next year. In time, Dr. Leete assured Julian West, "the hunger motive died out of human nature and covetousness as to material things, mocked to death by abundance, perished by atrophy, and the motives of the modern worker, the love of honor, the joy of beneficence, the delight of achievement, and the enthusiasm of humanity, became the impulses of the economic world."[31]

In reply to earlier criticism on this point, Bellamy maintained that his plan provided for full individual initiative. Under capitalism, he argued, a man is driven by dire need. Yet fear, the lash of want, is "on the whole the weakest as well as certainly the cruelest of incentives." Even under the wage-system, moreover, a well-provided employee is a more efficient worker than he who has to worry over his next meal. Nationalism, giving each person an equal share of the total income and rewarding special effort with prized degrees of rank and prestige, is certain to develop a healthy and desirable kind of initiative.[32]

He answered with equal force the objection that Nationalism would abolish private property. He stated that his plan would not eliminate private property but would only equalize it among all citizens. "The Revolution made us all capitalists," Dr. Leete observed. It merely destroyed private capitalism. The direction of the business of the nation was taken away from irresponsible individuals and given to carefully chosen public agents. True enough, the few rich were thereby deprived of their wealth; but this change made all citizens equal partners in the riches of their country. "The change created an entirely new system of property holding, but did not either directly or indirectly involve any denial of the right of private property."[33] Indeed, Nationalism placed the

31 *Equality*, 381.
32 *Equality*, 389 and 56.
33 *Equality*, 91 and 116.

private and personal property rights of every citizen on a basis incomparably more solid and secure and extensive than they ever before had or could have under capitalism. For by this pooling of property into one Big Trust, Dr. Leete told Julian, each individual became "entitled not only to his own product but to vastly more—namely, to his share of the product of the social organism, in addition to his personal product, but he is entitled to this share not on the grab-as-grab-can plan of your day, by which some made themselves millionaires and others were left beggars, but on equal terms with his fellow capitalists."[34]

When *Equality* appeared in 1897 the crucial Presidential campaign of the previous year had become a part of American history. Mark Hanna and his Big Business henchmen had succeeded in befuddling enough workers, fearful of unemployment and tempted by the promise of a full dinner pail, to insure McKinley's election. And with Bryan's defeat went the hopes of millions of poor men who had voted for him to keep the country economically free. The blow was fatal to the disconcerted army of Populists and Nationalists. The wave of reform, thus blocked, was thereupon completely broken by a new industrial expansion that included billion-dollar trusts and initiated an imperialist drive which led to the war with Spain and turned the United States into a world power. For a few years prosperity made any attempt at social melioration a futile undertaking.

Bellamy's loyal followers received *Equality* with great enthusiasm. Ten thousand copies were quickly bought and studied and discussed with sanguine appreciation. But the book failed to attain the mass popularity of *Looking Backward*. The interval of a decade had completely altered the propitious atmosphere which had welcomed the earlier novel. For all its solid worth and felicitous message, *Equality* did not reach the millions of readers for whom it was written.

For a long time in frail health, Bellamy had contracted

[34] *Equality*, 91.

tuberculosis while writing *Equality* and went with his family to Colorado as soon as he had finished the book. His lungs were by then too much ravaged by the disease to benefit from the salubrious climate, but he was greatly cheered by the praise from his simple admirers on the farms and in the mining towns of that part of the country. In the early spring he knew his end was near and decided to return to his home in Chicopee. He died on May 22, 1898, in his forty-eighth year.

Edward Bellamy, small-town editor, writer, and dreamer, was an outstanding American reformer. He possessed a social conscience characteristic of a long line of New England puritans—from Roger Williams to Wendell Phillips. He was not of those who accepted the world for what it was and busied themselves feathering their own nests. As a true believer in the teachings of both Jesus and Jefferson he felt impelled to cry out against oppression and inequality, to expound "the principles of human brotherhood—the enthusiasm of humanity." He did this in the way he knew best: by writing *Looking Backward* and *Equality* and by dedicating his life to the realization of his equalitarian society. He envisioned a world in which all men were equal: in which hunger was non-existent, greed a forgotten evil, and complete education the birthright of every child; in which criminals were unknown, drones were an anomaly, and inordinate luxury was impossible; a world in which intelligence reigned and every man lived to his fullest capacity. It was a beautiful mirage: a utopia so vivid and noble, so cleverly woven out of the warp and woof of daily life that it could not but fascinate those who perceived it with him.

Uncounted thousands the world over, in want and fearful of the days ahead, read *Looking Backward* and were ready to join the new millennium. But they soon discovered that panaceas were possible only in the imagination and scurried back to their meager fleshpots. Yet a half century later we have greater equality than the skeptics of Bellamy's day

thought possible. Many of the evils of that time are now forgotten or greatly mitigated and a number of the reforms then considered fantastic are now embodied in the law of the land. In Soviet Russia the communism of Lenin has marked resemblance to the social order outlined in *Equality;* and although Stalin's regime is generally pointed out as a horrible example of what happens when the capitalistic order is tinkered with, that country, freed from the fear of external enemies and fully industrialized, may yet realize the economic equality of Bellamy's dream. Today global war is changing the face of civilization before our very eyes. Who knows what reforms it will bring or what the world will be like a half century hence? All we can say with certainty is that much of the advance made by society is the result of new social ideas percolating to the minds of the majority of the people. These ideas are mostly the visions of such dreamers as Bellamy. Ida M. Tarbell, referring to *Looking Backward* in a recent article in *The Forum,* has placed its author among the leading social dreamers: "Of all Utopias which men, revolting against the bitter world in which we live, have created to stir the imagination and raise the hopes of the people of the earth, none has ever been so substantial, so realistic, so seemingly practical. A dream—yes—but a dream built upon materials in our hands."[35]

[35] Ida M. Tarbell, *The Forum,* XCII (September, 1934), 139.

WHITTIER AND SOME COUSINS

MARTHA HALE SHACKFORD

THOUGH the letters here published for the first time[1] do not add striking information about the facts of Whittier's life, they have a certain interest because of their informality, and present the pleasant relationships of a group of Friends whose family ties meant much. Moses Austin Cartland, to whom most of the letters were addressed, was second cousin to Whittier on the Hussey side; Samuel Hussey was Whittier's grandfather; Phebe Hussey, Samuel's sister, was Cartland's grandmother. Other members of the Cartland family were Hannah, Caroline, Anna, Joseph, Phebe, and Jonathan, all of whom were typical Friends, interested in education, social betterment, and political causes. Moses, born in 1805, was pupil and then teacher, 1825–1834, in the Friends' Yearly Boarding School at Providence, now the Moses Brown School, where Caroline taught and Joseph and Phebe were pupils. Joseph and his wife, Gertrude Cartland, were principals of the School from 1855 to 1860, having been already associated with it before their marriage, one as teacher, the other as principal in the "Female Department."

Moses, Joseph, and Jonathan looked much like the poet, for each had the tall, spare figure, the clear-cut features, and brilliant eyes "inherited," according to long family tradition only, from Stephen Batchelder, whose daughter married Christopher Hussey. In their young manhood Greenleaf and Moses were especially drawn together by their ardor for Abolition, their independence of mind in matters of political and ethical import, and their interest in poetry and journalism. Both were spontaneous writers of prose and verse, but Moses Cartland's work in these fields was secondary to his duties as

[1] Most of these letters were among a collection of Cartland family papers given to me by Mrs. Hough and Mrs. Lomison, daughters of the late Charles Sumner Cartland, of Dover and Lee, New Hampshire, only son of Moses A. Cartland. Some material came from Caroline Cartland, eldest daughter of Moses Cartland. Three letters by Elizabeth H. Whittier are from copies made by Moses Cartland in a notebook collection.

a school master, at Clinton Grove School in Weare, New Hampshire, from 1834 to 1847, and at Walnut Grove School, Lee, New Hampshire, from 1848 to 1853. This school he established in his old home, using as schoolhouse the building, on the grounds, previously used for Friends' meetings.

He was editor of the *White Mountain Torrent* and of the *New Hampshire Journal of Education*, educational editor of the *New Hampshire Journal of Agriculture*, and Washington correspondent of both the *National Era* and the *Independent Democrat*. Also, he contributed anonymous political articles and some verse to half a dozen other New Hampshire papers. Being much more gregarious than Whittier, Moses Cartland was actively engaged, besides his teaching, in conducting lyceums and in many social relationships, having, as he wrote to a brother, "no quiet, like Greenleaf, to *finish* and perfect anything."

Few written records remain to show details of visits exchanged between the two families, but Amesbury was not far from Weare and Lee; and moreover, the various cousins met at Yearly meeting or at Quarterly meeting, sometimes in Dover, Lynn, Newport, or Providence. These meetings, primarily for religious and executive purposes, were also periods of demure social festivity. Letters of the time speak of the pleasure of entertaining Friends from a distance, when extensive preparation of food was necessary. In a letter by Moses Cartland the period was referred to as "The Pumpkin Pie Festival."

Moses A. Cartland[2] Concerning Whittier

Providence, 7th Mo. 24th 1830

To the Family

...[3]Now comes the Sabbath with all its soberness—the city bells are pealing, and the soft music is wandering over the hills and vales—there is a breathing quiet upon the face of all things—there is a spirit of reverence which seems to ascend from every

[2] Hereinafter generally referred to as "Cartland."

[3] Extended greetings to relatives are omitted.

cottage—a holy influence that steals along from heart to heart and lifts the soul in rejoicing. This brings to mind a piece which Whittier has lately written on Religion—'tis a most splendid thing and comes forth clothed in the richest language—"bearing the rainbow cincture" of his own elevated and glowing imagination. He says (it is so beautiful I cannot help transcribing a little of it) "It is written on the arched sky. It looks out from every star. It is on the sailing cloud and in the invisible wind. It is among the hills and valleys of the earth—where the shrubless mountain top pierces the thin atmosphere of eternal winter or where the mighty forest fluctuates before the strong wind with its dark waves of green foliage. It is spread out like a legible language on the broad face of the unsleeping ocean."—This truly majestic—but Stephen Gould says it is *Hicksiteish*—Thus they stamp Hicksism on everything which does not have a direct testimony of the Savior of Man—To clear any composition of being of that doctrine it must recognize the grand laws of the Gospel, for to be silent on *that*, is, in one sense, a crime—Stephen had written to Greenleaf—I read the letter—it was a long list of advices and cautions—telling him not to forsake the simplicity of Quakerism—nor be "all things to all men"—he seems to feel much interested in the fame of the Quaker poet—alias the "Bernard Barton of America." Greenleaf has gone to edit the N. E. Weekly Review at Hartford, Conn.

The following unpublished poem was written in the album of Phebe Cartland, a book of quarto size. As is evident, there was on the page opposite the poet's verses a romantic ruin, probably ecclesiastical, though its towers are low enough to please a man who disliked "steeples" on houses of worship.

[Lines Written in the Album of his Cousin Phebe Austin Cartland]

What can I write?—No skill of mine
Can fire with thought the dull cold line—
Nor to my clouded fancies give
  The light which Genius loves so much,—
Or bid the torpid stanza live
  Beneath the mind's galvanic touch.

I cannot write as others do
  Of love and nonsense, and all that,
So vain—so idle, and untrue,
  'Twould shame my very Quaker hat.
Or shall I say the sky is bright?—
  Or, that the summer fields are green?—
Or that the soft and pale moonlight
Falls like a smile from Heaven at night?
  Have *I* alone these wonders seen?—
And are they so unknown at Lee
That I must paint them all to thee?

And yet, methinks this ancient ruin
  Which frowns upon the adjacent page
O'er which the hand of Time is strewing
  The ivy & the moss of age,
Should waken thoughts which but in vain
Might here their honored place retain.
For, as that ruin, grey & worn
And weak with age, & tempest-torn,
Still points its aged tower on high
Communing with the holy sky,
So should th' human heart be kept
When age has o'er its freshness crept,
Still rising from the grosser Earth—
Still mindful of its source and worth,
And though by time and sorrow riven
Still bathing in the light of Heaven!—

Hav^{ll} 20th 8th Mo '34 JOHN G. WHITTIER

In 1839, from July 11 to September 12, Moses Cartland was substitute editor of the *Pennsylvania Freeman* while Whittier was absent from the editorship. Of the burning of Whittier's office when Pennsylvania Hall was wrecked, May 17, 1838, M. A. Cartland's son gave me, more than once, the following account: Whittier disguised himself by donning the garb of a compositor in the printing office, went out into the crowd which was clamoring bloodthirstily for Whittier, and with great fervor began to join the cries, "Hang him!

Hang him!" thus guilefully deceiving his foes and saving his life.

Whittier to Cartland

Philad^{a}. 31st 10th Mo. 1839.

Dear M. A. C.

I have delayed writing for some time: in order to be able to do what I am now officially authorized to do—viz: to inform thee that at the meeting of the Committee last Evening, Moses A. Cartland was unanimously invited to take charge of the Freeman, vacated by J. G. Whittier.

Owing to the embarrassed state of the Society—& the general difficulty of raising money,—it has been found necessary to retrench the expenses of the Society. As Joseph [Healy] is about to leave, it is thought best to employ a young man, with a small salary in the Office, & to make thee generalissimo of the concern —as a sort of superintendent, of the affairs of the Anti-Slavery Office. This however will be temporary only, as it is expected that J. M. McKim will be engaged permanently as an agent in the Office, as soon as the pecuniary affairs of the Society will warrant it. And I am further authorized to say that thy salary will be $800 per ann. Mine up to last spring was nominally $500, although it fell short of that sum.

My health remains bad—& I should not have returned to the paper, had I not felt it due to myself to *put down* that miserable & ridiculous Chester Co. matter. I have settled that, as I trust forever. The Freeman is now established on the basis of *Abolition* alone: *all* parties having come to my own conclusion that so it should be. We had a glorious meeting of our city friends & raised $800 for the cause in one evening. Nearly $200 cash on the spot. So much for practical abolition—& for letting Massachusetts battles alone.

Now, dear Moses, come right on: and settle down here—a Pennsylvanian. All like thee—the cause requires thee. Put Joseph [Cartland] into thy place & come on forthwith.

I have a settlement to make with thee, as I suppose thou hast been well aware of. I expected to have seen thee on thy way to Weare.

Write soon—immediately. I am too sick & tired to write a long letter. The sooner thee comes, the better. Joseph & all send their love.

J. G. WHITTIER

This invitation was declined by Cartland, not from lack of courage but from a conviction that as editor he would not be able to express freely his views regarding abolition and kindred matters, for as a member of the Society of Friends his impetuous nature was more or less restrained by the discipline of the sect. In a letter of October 22, given below, he explains his position.

WHITTIER TO CARTLAND

Amesbury, 15th of 3rd Month
1840

Dear Moses:

Having got quietly at home, and somewhat rested from the fatigue of our journey, I feel moved to write thee a line, but whether it will tend to thy edification or not "time and chance" as Burns says must determine.

In the first place I am commissioned by the Abolitionists of Philad[l] to scold thee for not coming out to take my place. Thee may depend upon it, there was a universal feeling of regret at thy refusal to comply with the proposal of the Executive Committee. But, it may be that thee was right. These times, dear Cousin, are "sadly out of joint": and with a clear conscience, it is difficult for an Anti-Slavery Editor to please his readers. Then again, there are difficulties in our own Society, at Lynn & elsewhere, which render it still more embarrassing. For myself, my sympathies are all with W[m] Bassett in his difficulty, while at the same time I am constrained to admit that his course in all respects does not commend it self to my judgement. Indeed I do not yet see how the non-resistance doctrine as laid down at the Convention in Boston *can* be reconciled with *Quakerism*—or can be carried out *in practice* without a violation of, or open opposition to, our Discipline. But the *spirit* which seeks occasion against William and others & would make them offenders for a word, I

don't like—I have no unity with it. William is *honest* in his convictions—and that is a great deal as times go. Then there is that scandalous business in Massachusetts,—the quarrel—carried on in the spirit of determination,—both sides intolerant as Jews—with no prospect, not the remotest of accommodating matters—a quarrel too working its way into other sections of the country—and setting good honest, quiet fellow-laborers by the ears,—the collision between the Nat. Soc. and the Massachusetts—the quarrel about "moral suasion" and "political action"—the vile personalities—the low abuse—the mean violations of private confidence—the reckless impugning of motives:—all these things will make a prominent position in the Anti-Slavery Society at the present time, to a conscientious person, a bed of thorns. For myself I have not health or strength for the post. Whatever I can do in another capacity I will do—for never has the *cause* of human freedom seemed dearer to me than now.

I owe thee ten thousand apologies for not paying thee for thy services last summer—but the truth is the Committee have not yet paid me. When they do I will remember thee. They owe me for nearly all last year with the exception of my board.

I wish thee could'st go over with me to England. I some think of it, provided my health will permit me to do so—as I am now quite ill. Why not? Put thy school under somebody else—for six months, muster $4 or $500 and see the world—England, Italy, France, Constantinople, etc. I wish thee would. I want to see thee: and were my health adequate to a stage ride at this ugly season of the year up to your hills & mountains, I would be off at once. What is it I hear about thy matrimonial engagement? Moses!—Moses! beware—"let not the rustling silks nor the creaking of shoes betray thy heart to women." True—our experience in No 72 last summer, was calculated to shake our bachelor faith not a little—but that was an extreme case. Hold on. Don't yield thy "unbound free condition" for any of them. But if this warning indeed comes too late—why let's have the wedding at once. No dreading of it: "If 'twere done then 'twere well done if it be done quickly," as Hamlet says. And when it is done as Cowper saith of John Gilpin's next ride "May I be there to see." There are folks that I wot of in Philad[a] who will "take on like all possessed," when they learn that thou hast indeed leaped down

the irretrievable gulf of matrimony. Dost remember 12th Street[4]— But, joking apart, *is it so?* and *if so, when?* Write me a good long letter as to thy father confessor: And I will give such advice in the premises as may seem requisite, "as the way may open." Remember me kindly to all our friends, Simon Gove & others and believe me

Affectionately thy friend and cousin

JNO. G. WHITTIER

POSTCRIPT BY ELIZABETH WHITTIER TO CARTLAND

Cousin M. A. C.

Greenleaf has given me leave to say a word to thee, or rather to make a request in behalf of a friend in Philadelphia—Surely thee remember Twelfth St. and the *three sisters*—indeed thee should remember *Martha Nicholson*. Well, Martha is getting up a book of thy "poetry and other writings," and she expects thee will of course lend her thy aid, that thee will send her all thy *unpublished* poetry and *speeches*. Now this is sober fact—will thee obey her request? I have one suggestion to make—is it not "discipline" that all weddings be solemnized by the presence of *all* the *cousins* of the *young friends*? doubtless thee know, and will do nothing contrary to "good order." We would be very glad if thee could visit us while Greenleaf is at home. Do go to England—*and do not forget the poetry.*

ELIZABETH W.

The visit at Weare, New Hampshire, mentioned in the following letters[5] was made for the sake of attending Quarterly Meeting in that "Quaker Stronghold." Among the various cousins there was Moses A. Cartland, conducting Clinton Grove Academy, with occasional assistance from his brothers and his sisters Caroline and Phebe. Anna was teaching in a Weare school. Uncle Moses Hodgdon and his son, Moses Austin Hodgdon, were strong anti-slavery men. The latter

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4 The Nicholsons, Sarah, Elizabeth, and Martha, lived at Twelfth Street.

5 Another account of this visit is given in Letters 7 and 8 in T. F. Currier's *Elizabeth Lloyd and the Whittiers.*

and William H. Gove had been pupils of Cartland's. Gove was later called "the silver tongued orator of New Hampshire." Abby Peaslee was much admired for her Junoesque beauty and her fine character. Another cousin, not mentioned, but later, at Oak Knoll, of much importance to Whittier, was Caroline Cartland Johnson, of Weare, pupil of Moses Cartland, and in after years, head of a famous school in Boston. She was described by Cartland as "a most interesting and beloved pupil. There was always an intellectual sunshine in her presence; while her affectionate disposition and uniform kindness made it ever welcome. It was delightful to have such a pupil, because a word or a sentiment, dropped upon her ear, did not fall by the 'wayside' or on 'stony ground.' It was treasured for future use." This indicates something of the character of the woman who was, at Oak Knoll, a stimulating friend to Whittier. She herself once told me that Mr. Durant invited her to become President of Wellesley College.

When Joseph John Gurney, brother of Elizabeth Fry, came from England in 1840, to address various groups of Friends in America, he advocated what a Friends' tractate against him, in 1851, called "unsound doctrine."

WHITTIER TO CARTLAND

East Weare, Third Day Even'g
[October, 1840]

Dear Moses

"Having an opportunity to send a few lines" as folks say in old letters I just drop thee a line to let thee know that after leaving thy Menagerie we called at Uncle Enoch Breed's and told Hannah Collins that I took the responsibility of the J. J. Gurney Speech—which it seems had so horrified her that "each particular hair," under her plain cap, "stood erect like quills upon the fretful porcupine." In addition I vouched for thy orthodoxy & soundness in the faith, notwithstanding thy unfortunate speeches about Friend Neal, & thy heresy about "faith" & "works." But,

Moses, "beware of the elders." "Be wise as a dove, & harmless as a snake," when in the presence of those who visit thee "to spy out the nakedness of the land," and whose spiritual olfactories catch the scent of heresy with true blood-hound ability, even when afar off. Do not let thy good be evil spoken of. But thou wilt doubtless say that this advice is as applicable to myself as to thee. I suspect this is the case, but I try to be prudent & discreet.

I would like to stay a few days longer in Weare—but it may not be. I would like to be better acquainted with our friend Wm. C. [H.] Gove—he has fine talents, & there is nothing commonplace about him—Moses Hodgdon Jr. is a first rate fellow—frank, generous, high minded—Abby is excellent, every inch of her—as Wordsworth says—"A perfect woman, nobly planned"—Anna Chase has a face, full of intellectual beauty:—and then thy admirable company of youthful pupils—the Marys—Sarahs, Emmas, Marthas etc. etc.—such as her I described in "Moll Pitcher" as

> "A seeming child in every thing
> Save in her ripening maiden charms,
> As Nature wears the smile of Spring
> When sinking into Summer's arms.

But farewell to each & to all—and believe me ever & affectionately thy Cousin,

JOHN G. WHITTIER

Let me hear from thee soon—I hardly know what I have written—excuse it if there is little else than nonsense in this note penned in the "waste of night"—with headache & sleepiness—Hannah Collins means well—only a little *overzealous.*

MOSES CARTLAND TO JOSEPH CARTLAND, IN PHILADELPHIA

Clinton Grove, 10 Mo. 22, '40

Dear Brother

. . . I have been pretty busy this autumn in the varied duties of my vocation, together with other calls for my services and attention. . . . My term of engagement (one year) will close in the first mo. What I am to do then, I know not. . . . I think if I could find a *good situation* in Philadelphia, I should be quite tempted to embrace it. I like the city for its social character—the oppor-

tunities for improvement,—the opportunities for mingling with our friends &c. It is a little world by itself—and all the inhabitants seem to be congregated upon one favored spot. I might have had the editorial chair of the "Freeman," but I must have lived a slave's life—and felt my energies and feelings all cramped by the influences around me. I do not know as I regret declining the proffered station.—If I could get into the city, so that it would seem home-like, I know I should enjoy it. If thou has any prospect of a permanent location or should find any situation that would suit me, let me know it. I suppose I must determine on something in the course of two or three months.

J. G. Whittier (with all the family) was here at our Q. Meeting just past. They left town yesterday. We have had a capital visit—a most glorious time indeed. They were here about a week. They visited me on 6th day after meeting. All, or rather many, of the young Friends in the neighborhood spent the evening with us—to look upon the poet and his sister and have the *honor* of shaking them by the hand. About 25 took tea with me—They all seemed very happy—rejoicing in the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the Quaker bard. Anna Chase (he "called" to see her) was most mightily uplifted with his appearance. She wrote me a note the other day *all about him*. She calls him "the "Webster of poets—and moreover, what is much in woman's eye, he is handsome, certainly"—and adds, in her romantic phrenzy, "he is a star of fire in the constellation of poets." Poor John! how he is talked of by the "better half of creation."—Greenleaf and myself had some talk of a new periodical—of starting it ourselves—to be *friendly* but not quite as stiff and *ancient* as "*The* Friend"—something to meet the taste and wants of the *Junior Quakers*—Perhaps it will be *all talk*. Elizabeth says that "Elizabeth Nicholson and Elizabeth Lloyd shall write for it"—and Elizabeth Whittier, too, I suppose. It would be a most poetical trio of "Lizzys." How would such a paper go? The young folks here say they will take 100 copies to scatter over the hills of old Halestown.[6] Such a paper is needed—one that is suitable for a fireside friend—divested of the idle nonsense of the times, & which shall take the place of some periodicals whose moral influence, to say the

[6] Former name of Weare.

least, is very questionable. Many young Friends will not take the "Friend"—it does not suit them—they therefore resort to other publications—and they will have them—and do have them. What is the remedy? How are they to be brought back? Certainly, by making their own Society and its publications more lively, if possible, in their estimation.— . . . Tell Martha Nicholson she is *very wicked* for "crossing me out of her books"—what meaneth the girl—And Cousin Margaret [Wendell] where is she?—has she forgotten every body? Cousin Ann, I *must* and *will* write to soon. You must make my letters *common property,* until I get time to write you individually. . . .

Moses A.

The three letters following, by Elizabeth Whittier, part of a group written to Cartland by various cousins, probably at New Year's, 1840 and 1841, show her vivacity and turn for teasing. When Cartland, in 1850, called upon Dr. Bailey, editor of the *National Era,* he met there Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth and wrote in his *Journal,* "her complexion and the tones of her voice remind me of Lizzie Whittier."

ELIZABETH WHITTIER TO CARTLAND

[1840?]

Moses A. C.—my kingly cousin—has decreed—In *true loyalty,* I obey—but I don't *want* to return the letters, and the fact that I *do,* proves conclusively, that thou art a *terror to me.* Why didn't thee come down here? I wish thee had—I have been half-dreaming, and forms from Uncle Moses's, have been all about me—dear queenly Abby [Peaslee]—kind, dignified Cousin Moses [Hodgdon]—Cousin Anna [Cartland], and the patient and good friend Harrison [Gove]—and *last,* yet not *least,* thyself, Moses A—not as thou wast sometimes angry with us for teasing thee, but *good, spiritual,* happy, *our own good cousin.*

How many of thy free spirits did thee send to the Convention? Some of them are brave young patriots, I think. Why shouldn't they be? In thy woodland school, "no chains are on tongue or spirit." I should think our cousin Franklin Dow had a brave spirit.—

Well, I didn't mean to write a long note—one word more—brother and I went to "Uncle Enoch's" and Greenleaf had the courage to "beard the lioness in her den." H— seemed quite brought to the quiet.—We have some wonderfully descriptive poetry here, beginning—

"The hills of Weare—the hills of Weare—
Where Contocook's delightful waters"—

but I must tell *thee* never a word more. We are having parched corn and all the good things here this evening, but I'd rather be where the firelight & cousin Abby make glorious the home of Uncle Moses. In the quiet of next week, thee will get quite well, and rejoice that Quarterly meeting is over.

Farewell,

ELIZABETH

Third Day Evening

ELIZABETH WHITTIER TO CARTLAND

Lynn—First day eve-g [early 1841?]

Thank thee Moses A. for thy "cousinisms," [7] but I must add another—do not ask me why, only remember at Weare Quarterly Meeting, "a chiel was near thee taking notes"

Moses A.—Moses A.
Thou hast wandered away
From the fold of our *primitive order;*
Come back, Moses A.
Go no farther astray,
Come back, Hannah C. is the warder.
Moses A—
Come back, Hannah C. is the warder.

[7] In a series of rhymes written for New Year's greetings at the "Letter Festival," Cartland characterized twelve of his feminine "unwedded" cousins. One of these "Quakerieties and Cousinisms" was addressed to Elizabeth Whittier:

Dear "Lizzy"—Dear "Lizzy,"
In poetry busy,
Sylph-like in the heaven's expanse,
Quench the fire that now beams
On thy fanciful dreams,
For this world is not made of romance.
Dear Lizzy
For this world is not made of romance.

We have letters sometimes from Philadelphia. A long letter from E. Lloyd[8] says a great deal of the *Lawgiver* of Weare—does thee know who he is? She says thy recollections of them must be very chilly ones—says thou art *too much* like John G.—there is no getting through to the mind's citadel—a sort of *spiritual coat of mail.*

I am here at Lynn for a few weeks—tho only for a few weeks perhaps. Alas! Moses A.—how can thee make party speeches when such words of summoning as we see in a recent "Massachusetts Abolitionist" are thine? To the *certain* sound of that call many free spirits have answered.

Greenleaf came with me to Salem but was too ill to come to Lynn. Won't thee go and see him this week on thy way to Dover Quarterly Meeting. Do go, it will be such a comfort to poor brother. The poem Greenleaf will give thee.—I wish I could send thee a "Lament" of E. Nicholson's because Greenleaf did not go to "World's Convention." She says—

> "And they gathered from near and they gathered from far,
> Like the Magi that followed one glorious star;
> But the poet from all his high visions came down
> To a *Quaker Convention* at old Germantown."

Moses A.—thee cannot read this horrid scrawl. If the Friends have left, thee will be spared.

Thee must be good and orthodox.

farewell.

LIZZY

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[8] Writing to Joseph in Philadelphia, 7 Mo. 1, 1840, Moses said: "I have read Elizabeth Lloyds' poetry in a late Freeman. I *like* it. She strings gems together most beautifully. The best poetry I see—better than Lydia H. Sigourney's, far—more fire and life in it."

Ten years later, for his *Journal* he wrote, in part, on May 28, when he visited Philadelphia: "... Then to Friend Lloyd's. This is one of the intellectual shrines that made beautiful the dreary waste of city life. Elizabeth Lloyd is a young lady of most delicate literary taste—of active imagination and generous, philanthropic feelings. Some of her poetical productions are unsurpassed in beauty and delicacy of sentiment. But their crowning excellence is the chastened, Christian spirit which they breathe. Taking leave of the Lloyds, in company with brother Joseph, I called on the Nicholsons.... Elizabeth soon returned and gave us a most cordial greeting—talking good sense with great fluency, and in her own peculiarly hearty manner. Lizzie Nicholson, too, is a poetess of no mean talent. Some of her pieces abound in humor; and are very fine specimens of the social style of writing. We took tea with the Nicholsons and had a most agreeable visit."

ELIZABETH WHITTIER TO CARTLAND

[1841?]

No, no, cousin Moses, I shall not love your "Weare friends" at all, if you do not some of you come to Quarterly meeting. This is the day before—and alas! I have just heard of Moses H. & Abby's "public appearance." Now *they* will not come to see us as I had hoped *so long*. Well, Abby is to be married after all. A thousand blessings be hers—she is a noble girl. Moses H. may well be proud of his woodland bride, if she loves him as she *could* love. How well I should love to be at the "merry bridal." Because of that event, I now know you will all neglect Quarterly meeting. Once I said I would write a marriage hymn for *thee*, Cousin Moses. Perhaps now I shall change my mind and write for Abby—yet they tell me of one gentle being among the hills of Weare, to whom my *tall* Cousin M. "bends like the Parsee to the dawning sun." I remember the "little Mary"—the gayest and brightest and dearest, no doubt, of the laughing girls of thy school.—Harriet Minot says, "How is M. A. Cartland?" Thou may thank her for the little watch case—she gave me no peace till I made it for thee. I would have worked *drab* color for thee, only thee is not a very good "Friend."

The dear people of Philadelphia are well. Lizzy N. says thou art accountable for the death of the "Freeman." It was thine, she says, "to have grasped the falling flag."

I was only intending to write four words to thee, but for fear they should be *four thousand*, with love to all, farewell most kindly.

ELIZY

Daniel Webster, Moses A. Cartland and a few others, are to make a book! So George Kent says.

WHITTIER TO CARTLAND

Amesbury, 2nd 1st Mo. 41

Dear Cousin Moses

Thy kind and welcome letter shd have been answered before this—but I had already more correspondence on hand than I knew well what to do with: and besides, an ill turn kept me from scribbling much for some two or three weeks.

In regard to that paper, I would be ready to aid in the thing to the extent of my ability, but, I cannot depend upon my health for any very vigorous exertion. I *believe it will go* and that the best way wd be to issue one number as a specimen and send it to friends abroad, urging them to aid us in the way of subscribers. I would have it semi-monthly—about the size of the "Friend"—though a still smaller size wd be preferable—small, neat type (such for instance as the N. H. Patriot is now printed in)—and offer it to subscribers at $1.50 per single copy, 3 for $4: 6 for $6 *in advance*. I would have it not a *Quaker paper*—in all respects—but, give it a Quaker bearing—and see to it that nothing is printed inconsistent with our principles. I would call it "The *New England Friend*"—perhaps though that would be too *sectional*: how would thee *christen* it?—

—Then as to the means of doing this. Will thee not be here on thy way to Q. M. in Salem? Of course. Well then we will arrange that matter at that time, and if necessary we can get it printed in Boston. We can date it at Dover, N. H.—and make arrangements for having the succeeding numbers actually printed there. For myself, I do not doubt its success, if we could be favored to manage it prudently. We want however money to start it with. If we could find those who felt interest enough in it to assume the responsibility of it for six months or a year, all would be well. It should take a firm stand on the lib. question and the *national* Peace question. And its first nos. especially should be triple-guarded against any *unfriendly* sentiments or language. The Winslows of Portland would probably do something. A. L. Pennock and Edward Needles of Philadª also. Moses Brown and Dr. Wister would I think aid us—provided we kept in "the quiet and patience."

Now—then—write a few short or long articles—and make some selections literary, historical, moral—which will do for the first number & bring them with thee on thy way to Q. Meeting. I will try to do something. We will then issue our first number, & wait the results.

☞ *Do not by any means neglect this.*

Thee must excuse this short letter. It is all I can now write.

Remember me to all the folks. Tell Cousin Moses Hodgdon that we hold him to his promis[illegible]o come down to Q. M. & bring

Abby—tell Abby that we had her solemn promise also. *They must come* and make us a good visit *before* Q. M. as Elizabeth will spend some time in Lynn *after* the meeting.

Please drop me a line at once, & let me know if we may expect thee to come. How would the name *"The Literary Friend"* do? Ever & affect[ly],

JOHN G. WHITTIER

WHITTIER TO CARTLAND

Amesbury, 12th 8th Mo 1841[9]

My Dear Cousin:

I have been hoping for the last month to see thee ride over here, & make us a visit, but day after day passes, & hearing nothing of thee I am constrained to send a letter in quest of thee, uncertain however whether it will reach thee at Weare, or Lee. I should have written before but, my time, when I had health for any thing has been sadly occupied.—Why not come over here & see us?—I missed thee at Lynn, much to my regret. I send thee J. Sturge's letter to Friends. Is it not good, plain, and kind? Yet, he will be sadly censured for it—I supect by some that we wot of. How can they be distributed in Weare & Henniker?—The Ex. Com. of the Am. & Nat. A. S. Society voted to invite Judge Jay, Dr. Le Moyne, Gerrit Smith, H. B. Stanton & thyself and some three or four others of us to write articles occasionally for the U. S. Reporter. So if thou hast anything on thy mind let them have it.

Do come here so as to go with me to the Ipswich Liberty Convention, on the 24th inst for Essex Co: and come with a speech all "cut and dried." What with sickness & perplexities of one sort & another, I have need of some companionship even if it's only to say "Let us all be unhappy together." Elizabeth, Mother, & Aunt, all desire to be remembered to thee. Write soon, or come.

J. G. WHITTIER

P. S. What are the lowest terms in the Weare School? A poor orphan boy here, his friends wish to get into some such Academy.

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[9] Written on the last page of a multigraphed manuscript letter from Joseph Sturge to the members of the Religious Society of Friends in the United States of America, dated New York 7th Mo. 17th 1841.

CARTLAND TO WHITTIER

Lee, 8 mo. 23. 1841

My Dear Cousin

Perhaps thou will "wonder"—with thy large organ of "marvellousness"—why I have not replied to thy last "few lines," of the 12 inst.—I have been up among the "hills of Weare" the past fortnight—visiting and revisiting the ministers, elders, lads and lassies of that Quakerish region. Did not return until 7th day last, when I found thy communication waiting for me.—

I would like to be at the "Liberty Convention" with thee, but I must go to Berwick, if anywhere this week. Besides, I couldn't "make a speech" on the occasion, as thou suggests, for I have nothing to say. I fear there will be too much of the *mere party* about this "Liberty" business. I wish my eyes could be *annointed*, that I might see more clearly than I do. Nevertheless, I am willing that every abolitionist should think and act as his conscience and good sense dictate. I don't know but I shall yet go furiously for the "Third Party." But not until I am convinced of the expediency of the movement.

Yes, Joseph Sturge's Letter to Friends is admirable as thou sayest—gentle, yet pointed—and baptized in a Woolman-like spirit. Still there are hearts among us upon which its kind appeals will fall, as the sunshine falleth upon pointed rocks.—I found it at Weare in the Liberator, and before I left, took pains to read it to some Friends. Thos. Thorndike was much pleased with it. He suggested the propriety of having 1000 copies of it printed in a pamphlet form for distribution among Friends that way, and perhaps in other monthly meetings. Moses Sawyer, Thomas, & myself concluded to do it—& the business was left with me. But if there is any other arrangement for distribution, we shall not get it printed. Just inform me on this point. A copy of the letter should be placed in every family. And if some of the seed falls on "stony ground," ours will not be the loss. I admire the spirit in which Joseph writes—although the infallible Liberator could not insert this last production, without denouncing its author as "recreant to pure abolition"!—Oh for one glimpse of the Liberator's pure transcendental abolitionism! What *would* it look like?

I have heard nothing of Jos. & thyself since I parted with you at Lynn. Has Joseph returned to England? The Herald of Freedom has never deigned to print a line which he has written in this country.

On my return, I found a note from Joshua Leavitt—enclosing the vote of the Ex. Com. of the A. & F. A. S. Society, asking to use my name as one of the correspondents of the "Reporter." Heartily approving of the course of the Reporter thus far, I have no inclination to withold it—and would gladly do any service to oblige or assist the American and Foreign A. S. Society. Thou may say to them, this much for me—and if I feel like it I shall write them myself.—While I was at Weare I saw Nathan G. Chase Jr. (the man whom thou saw and talked with at Philadelphia). He *has been* very much opposed to abolition proceedings—and particularly staunch in his opposition to Friends uniting with others—calling us "ranters" & "Hicksites"—But he begins to feel differently—said to me that he had a *much better opinion of thee* since he conversed with thee at Phila—&c. And further said that if he was able, he would take thy paper, if thou edited one, as he wished now to take a *good anti-slavery paper!* I told him if he would *read* he should be supplied. Will thou have a copy of the "Reporter" sent to him at Weare, N. H.—and *I* will be responsible for the pay. I think he will make a good, as well as an influential abolitionist, yet. I labored with them somewhat while I was at Weare. There are some stiff Garrisonians there,—*Wm. Gove* among the number—who are determined to go for the Liberator & Herald, with all their isms. Has thou seen Tracy's "Advocate"? It looks pretty well.—I feel it on my mind to offer him some assistance with the editorial department—and the use of my name, and then see if N. H. can't have a paper. What has become of *our* paper? People frequently ask about it.—

$22.00 per qr. (12 weeks) at Boarding School at Weare is the regular price—perhaps a small boy was to stay some time might get in for less. If I should take the charge of it again this winter, I would admit him as reasonably as I could. Wm Gove teaches the school now. I am not yet determined whether to return to Weare or not. My health is excellent—and spirits, too. I have really grown *brave* & hardy here amid the sand and sun—quite a farmer. *Farming* is *the* "panacea," for these "used up" skeletons.

I am in great haste as the mail is about closing—my love to you all—and do write me, immediately—shall be off to Q. Meeting in a day or two—as ever,

MOSES A. CARTLAND.

WHITTIER TO CARTLAND

Amesbury, 18th 1st Mo. 1846[10]

Dear Cousin,

I write thee a hasty line just to tell thee that I have visited Philad[a], and seen all our old friends there. They all inquired after thee, & I was sorry I had not seen thee for so long a time, & was consequently unable to tell them much about thee. They expect thee to be there this Spring: and one object of my note is to enquire if thee have a prospect of this kind. Elizabeth wishes to visit P. and would like thy company if thee think of going. She however does not wish to leave before the 1st of 3rd Mo. or later. I am myself desirous of going in season to attend the Y. M. which will be an occasion of great interest owing to the division of sentiment & feeling so strongly apparent in Philad. (Y.M.) But, it is very uncertain in regard to myself. If thee can, do write us a line to let us know how you are getting on—thee Moses, Jonathan, Anna & Phebe—I saw Jonathan's name at the Liberty Convention. Ann Wendell is just as ever—better in health. Margaret do.—Wouldn't it be better for thee to take a ride over here to see us? Do come! 'Tis but a short ride. Elizabeth & myself wish to be kindly remembered to Jonathan and Anna.

Ever thy aff. Cousin

JOHN G. WHITTIER

P. S. Say nothing in reference to the letter &c we talked of when I was at your house, to any one. "Come over and see us" Elizabeth says to Anna.

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[10] Other letters by Whittier to Cartland, in 1840, 1841, 1848, and 1856, are printed in S. T. Pickard's *John Greenleaf Whittier* (258, 259, 271, 334, and 386). It was in 1842 that Whittier wrote to Cousin Ann Wendell, from Lee, reporting that "Moses and Anna are disputing as usual upon metaphysics, Joseph and Jonathan are in full blast upon politics, and I am holding a sort of collateral sideways conversation with all parties."

WHITTIER TO CARTLAND

Amesbury, 7th day M7 [1846]

Dear Cousin

Thine from Weare has been duly recd: & we would gladly accept thy invitation were it in our power. The sickness & death of our Aunt Mercy Hussey, have left us all very much worn with watching, fatigue & colds. Under other circumstances we should have taken special pains to be present at so important and interesting an affair as the one thee announces in thy letter.[11]

As it is, God bless you both!—You have done right, & His blessing is always with the right. I see I shall be left alone in my old bachelorship. I wish it could be otherwise: but as it is, I make the best of it.

I have a plan to propose. Tackle the old horse & take Mary over here & spend a day with us. Elizabeth joins me in the request. Now, don't hesitate, but come at once.

New Hampshire has done gloriously. I was half tempted when I heard of her triumph to take off my Quaker hat, & "Hurra for Jack Hale!" [12] My love to Joseph Jonathan, Anna & Phebe & believe me thine truly

J. G. WHITTIER

Elizabeth wishes to be remembered to all. Tell Joseph that we shall expect to see him at Quarterly Meeting.

WHITTIER TO CARTLAND

[1849]

Dear Moses

I send thee herewith Margaret[13] dressed up by the Boston milliner.

I wish Joseph or thee or Jonathan would contrive to come over & see us.

Affectionately

JOHN G. WHITTIER

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11 Cartland married Mary Paige Gove, April 26, 1846.

12 John P. Hale, refused renomination to Congress because of his anti-slavery opinions, toured New Hampshire, in the "Hale Storm" of 1845, with the result that Whigs and Independent Democrats won the State. See S. T. Pickard's *Whittier*, especially pages 306, 311, and 334. According to a letter (1850) by Ann Wendell he visited the Nicholsons whenever he was in Philadelphia.

13 Whittier's *Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal* (Boston, 1849).

Elizabeth Whittier to Joseph Cartland[14]

Amesbury. 2d Mo. 22d / 53

Dear Cousin Joseph

Thy letter was very welcome but I don't think we *can* forgive thee for not coming home last 10th Mo. We were so disappointed, especially our Mother, who said almost every day for a fortnight "to day Cousin Joseph will come."

We have been favored with a wondrously mild and beautiful winter—for the blessing I am truly thankful—it has been better for dear Mother and Greenleaf and I too, have been stronger. Last winter was bitter cold—I could only think of Dr. Kane and the dim arctic days. Does thee not think Joseph Dr. Kane is a true hero? He quite comes up to my *ideal*. I have a natural love of bravery and courage—I never wondered that the *natural* heart should incline to the brave even in war—but here is glory unstained.

So Mary Wendell has gone—since her death I have thought much of her of dear Ann and Margaret as I saw them long ago. "Passing Away" seems the burden of the very air. Abby Hodgdon too has gone—Cousin Moses wrote me something of her peaceful departure—sweet calmness marked the close. How many of those we have known are gone.—How is Cousin Ann. I often think of her and her dear old Father. E. Lloyd's marriage[15] is a great surprise to me. All we have heard is what thee wrote, and a few words from E. Nicholson—do tell us who *is* Robert Howell—Ah! Joseph. 'tis vain those regrets of thine. Thee and Greenleaf *should* be sorrowful in view of such things—beware! lest no "dear love be thine.["] We had a delightful visit from Moses A. in the summer, *it did us all good*—Moses has the best heart in the world—there is so much about him to love. I should write that last word

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[14] Joseph Cartland lived near Philadelphia for about ten years and knew the Wendells, his Nicholson cousins, and the Lloyds. Employed at first by Isaac Wendell in business at La Grange, later he became a teacher at Haverford about 1848 and was superintendent of the College, about 1850–1853.

[15] J. G. Whittier told Gertrude Whittier Cartland very positively that Elizabeth Lloyd was the only woman he had ever loved. When asked why he did not marry her he said that because his mother and his sister were dependent upon him he could not afford to marry. Below is a message,

in a *whisper* for fear of *little Mary!* I hope 'tis best for them to be in Weare.

L. M. Hoag has been here. Thy warning wasn't needed. Lindley Hoag is only my prophet nothing more. His young daughter is a dear girl—one cannot choose but love *her.*

Does thou *really* mean to leave Haverford Joseph? if so, it will be thy *duty* to leave Lee and come *"among us."* Jane S[mith] told me she should *love to come to Amesbury*—and we want her in our meeting. When I see thee I will *convince* thee how well it would be.

I shall expect thee to answer all my questions, Cousin J. I want to hear about E. L.'s prospects. Hannah is gone. We shall hope to see thee in the 4th Mo.

Greenleaf will write for himself. Mother sends her love to thee.

As ever,

ELIZABETH

In the following letter the allusion to Cousin Hannah Cartland Demeritt may glance at the fact that Hannah's peace was won after much grief for the loss of her only child, a boy of four, some ten years earlier. Elizabeth Smith, the daughter of William Hale of Dover, and the wife of Jeremiah Smith, sometime Governor of New Hampshire, is still remembered as a woman of distinction and influence. When she was a girl, Lafayette was entertained in her father's house, and she is said to have been the only person present who could converse with him in French. "Jeannie" is Mary Jane Smith, above, adopted daughter of Elizabeth Hale Smith, and after March 8, 1855, wife of Jonathan Cartland.

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sent by Elizabeth Lloyd to Whittier, written on a small visiting card bearing the inscription "E. Lloyd, Jr." This was kept by Whittier until his death and then was preserved by Gertrude Cartland, who gave it to her nephew, C. S. Cartland.

My dear fr'd—I had intended to say a word to thee by *note* before my wedding day—but sickness—& now the many little things that press upon me give me only time to say—I shall be at home on 3rd day next *all day*—if thee feels like looking in upon me once more.

Affectionately E. L. Jr.

7th day
18th

ELIZABETH H. WHITTIER TO PHEBE A. CARTLAND

Amesbury 9th Mo. 9th / 55

My dear Phebe.

I have just been wishing—well, I don't know but I am now, that Lee was nearer—so that I could step in and see you all again, this beautiful summer day. I hope thee are better dear Phebe. I said I would write to thee before this, did I not? but Alas! for my promises.

We had a good pleasant ride home, found Mother comfortable—but as for me I have been too *tired* & *busy* ever since to write one word.

I wonder if Jane came home yesterday. Poor me could not go over to Hampton as I longed to last week. I hope she had a very nice time—the sweet summer came back for her visit.

6th day 13th

I was pleasantly prevented from writing the other day by the coming of dear Harriet P. [Harriet Minot Pitman] from Exeter—She had her baby, a boy five years old! Since she left for Haverhill I received her note from Lee.

Tell Jonathan we are sorry for the result in Maine. Greenleaf says tell J. to look well to N. Hampshire now—keep to the *all important, instant* question of slavery—the temperance interest will be *used* by your Hunkers and work you great harm.

Tell Jeannie we had a delightful call from a Rev. Mr. Brown of St. Louis the other day. He was *tramping* down from the hills of N. H. and *took* us on his way. I thought him Unitarian at first—but afterwards heard him speak of "brother Gordon Estes" once our "Church" Minister and decided on his being one of the Keepers of the "Keys." He was brilliant and original—had seen much of the West—said he kept "Maud Muller" on his table for a month and "read it to every body—till his servant lost it" and thus his poor visitors were spared. I should like to ask Mrs. Fifield about him—he spoke of Mr. Elliott. Greenleaf has had a nice good letter from Grace dated La Pointe Lake Superior, where she says they have gone to refresh themselves with a "little cool weather and barbarism."

I wish I could see our *house lot* this beautiful September day. I wish I could have seen more of Cousin Hannah while in Lee,

her presence is very sweet and calm. I feel as if she wore the true "Garment of Peace." I should think it a great privilege to see Elizabeth Smith now and then. I was *so* sorry not to be stronger my last week in Lee. I hope by and by, when we have passed into a better climate, across the river, it will be easier to *do* and *be* as we would. Instead of *doing* now I have to be idle. Yet often like poor Cinderilla in the old ballad—I say lamenting, *"I wish I could."*

Do let me hear from you—and will not Phebe want to see me enough to come on her way to Boston? Mother and Greenleaf send love to you all. I send my love to the dear kitty's the sad faced one *especially.*

I hope to hear from you soon. With love to all dear Lee friends, farewell,

Affectionately

LIZZIE

Tell Cousin Lizzie her *husks* are a great treasure. I shall come down and make a husk mattress with her when our Lee house is ready.

JANE SMITH CARTLAND TO WHITTIER

Lee, 10th mo. 30. 1855

My dear friend.

Abby Squiers told me at Weare that Lizzie had been sick since her return from here of a fever, but was better when Abby left Amesbury. Jonathan & I wish very much to hear how she is now & whether her headaches return, sometimes they stay away for at least months after fever.

Jonathan & "Uncle Daniel" go to Dover to night to attend the Antislavery Lyceum. J. P. Hale delivers the first lecture of the course. Jonathan says "tell Greenleaf I think Rockwell will make a poor General. My sympathies are with *Gardiner.* I hope he will be elected. I think when the Americans are willing to do Antislavery work why not bid them 'God speed' & let them break down one of the most corrupt Administrations we have ever had."

The Ultra Free-soilers will be the means of re-electing Gen'l Pierce & then Greeley & Dr. Bailey will see the result of their

labors. So much for politics as Jonathan is always interested in Massachusetts on account of the influence upon our own state.

I enjoyed my visit at Weare very much. Moses brought me to Concord & Jonathan & Phebe met us there. Phebe returned to Weare with Moses & Jonathan & I came home. Ellen Rogers called at the Inn enquired particularly for thy health.

The *House lot* still stands but we have not yet felt at liberty to cut the timber without *farther orders.*

Tell Lizzie that I have a stout woman now to help me and if she will come I won't keep her washing dishes but devote my *energies* to making her visit agreeable. I wish you could have both been with us while the leaves were changing. I don't believe thou art in the habit of receiving *un*literary letters from ladies.

With love to Aunt Abigail & Lizzie

thine respectfully

M. J. CARTLAND

WHITTIER TO JANE SMITH CARTLAND

Amesbury 4th 11th Mo. 1855

Dear Cousin

I am glad to be able to say in reply to thy kind letter of inquiry that Elizabeth is gaining—slowly indeed, but as fast as could be expected. She has been able to sit up half the time for the past week. Her headaches continue but not so severe as formerly. She was at one time very sick & we have reason for gratitude & thankfulness for her recovery thus far.

Tell Jonathan that if Rockwell had accepted the Whig nomination *I* would not vote for him. Does he know our Whigs have adopted the Pierce platform & are hand and glove with Stringfellow & Cushing? They go farther than the Pierce party in N. H. on the Slavery question. I have known Rockwell for 20 years. A truer man never was a candidate for office. As for Gardner—he & his clique are preparing to go with the South next year. Mark what I say, & see if I am not correct.

Our election comes off next third day. Whatever the result may be this year the Republican party will sweep the state next year. I think, however, Rockwell will be elected.

Lizzy often speaks of her Lee visit—it was very pleasant to both of us. She & Mother send their love to thee & Jonathan.

Your Senator Bell speaks in Boston on the Slavery Question this winter at the Tremont Temple lectures. My Poem will be read there on the 22nd of this month, by Thos. Starr King.

J. P. Hale speaks to-morrow evening in Boston. Sumner spoke on sixth day eve. to an immense audience.

Remember us kindly to Elizabeth Smith, the Demeritts & Danl Emerson.

As to "our House lot" tell Jonathan to hold on to it awhile & let the timber grow. Providence permitting we shall see what can be done another season.

Thine truly

JOHN G. WHITTIER

The next two letters allude to the Alumni meetings of Friends' School held at Newport, Rhode Island. The second letter refers to the fact that for the meeting in 1863, Whittier, an honorary member of the Association, was to write the Poem, and Moses A. Cartland, as President of the Alumni Association, to deliver an oration, "The Mission of Poetry." In 1861–1862 the schoolmaster was serving as representative from Weare, at Concord. His wife had died in 1860, leaving him with five young children.

CARTLAND TO WHITTIER

House of Representatives [Concord, N. H.]
Fourth-day 12 th [1862]

My dear Cousin.

I snatch a moment to say, nothing preventing, I hope to go to Newport Seventh-day, stay over alumni meeting, & hurry back—tho', going or returning, I *may* call and see Joseph a moment—or a day.

Now, it would be very pleasant to meet thee and Elizabeth at Newport or at Joseph's. Can you not, or will you not go down?

This is the first time I have been able to meet my old friends of the Boarding School—in their "gathering" capacity. And even

now, the recollection of the sad, weary years of the past will linger with me during the anticipated little pilgrimage.—I *do* hope to meet you, dear cousins, and *renew*, as it were, our acquaintance. So long it has been since I met you. While I write this, the house is balloting for Sec. State. . . .

The death of Senator Douglas makes me sad. I liked him for what there was in him, of good,—and sorrowed for the absence of some virtues which ennoble manhood. I have sent to the "Journal," this week, a word, such as I could hurry off. I would do *something* of justice to Stephen A. Douglas.

I hope to see thee at Concord before we adjourn. I stop at H. G. Hayes's, cor. Central & Rumford—his wife an old Lee pupil. A quiet little home. Had they accommodations I would be glad to invite thee there. Pray come up.

With much love to thee and cousin,

Most truly,

Moses A. Cartland

Perhaps shall go to Lynn Sixth day—perhaps on to Providence. Joseph goes down Sixth day, 2 p.m.

Cartland to Whittier

Fourth day, 10th [June, 1863]

My dear cousin.

Rec'd thine a few days since, for which attention and remembrance, many thanks. I much regret to hear of thy poor health and the dear sister's. My sympathy and my prayers are yours, ever. For, I do not forget *you*, amid my own toils, and trials and lonely hours—and the anxieties for my little family.—We still keep house—myself and the little ones—and get along comfortably in a humble way.

We were sorry not to see you Q. M. day. But we fully appreciated the reasons of your absence and no *apology*, dear cousin, is needed *at all*. Such a hubbub, at such times, must annoy and distress thee, even in thy best moods & best health. Will see you some other day. Tho' I would have been glad to hear about the poem—and advise with thee in regard to my oration. *Can't* get anything to suit me. Coming tired and stupid out of my weary 30 weeks school, I'd little *spirit* for "orations." But, in the hubbub

of children and beneath a canopy of *lead* I'll have something—tho' not yet completed. Began on a "flower" & said ditto! Really simple. Well—there's *tincture* enough in the sky, & I tho't I'd not add any. Am very Quakerly—a little about the "Beautiful" & the "Bible." The fact is, I got a part of the work done—*then* tho't I'd use it for a *public* "lecture," next winter, and make it pay me something. So, I lay *that* aside—on the "Mission of Poetry." This ditto but much *tamer*. Good enough for Quakers!—I've no desire to "spread," or get up a "sensation" oration—and shall not—It is in the *alumnial* spirit.

But I hope thee will be able to go to Newport. Do, if possible. We shall miss thee if not. Jos. & Gertrude will be there. Jos. is worrying about my "Oration"—and *that* frightens *me*—makes me nervous. Wish *we* could sit down and look it over.

I expect to go to Boston Sixth day—to Newport Seventh—leaving B. on early train, & call at "School"—Jona. goes to Dover. I send this. Was at teachers' gathering in B. last week. Abby Johnson[16] came down with us.—Much love to thee, Elizabeth & your household.

Affectionately thine

MOSES

Because of illness Whittier was unable to attend the Reunion; his poem, "In War Time," was read by George H. Chace. The oration, "The Mission of Poetry," was duly delivered by M. A. Cartland, on June fifteenth. A few days later, while visiting his brother Joseph in North Providence, Moses Cartland was stricken with pneumonia, and died July 5, 1863. The published proceedings of this Alumni Meeting contained a second poem by Whittier, "A Memorial: Moses A. Cartland." This was first published in the New York *Independent*, July 30, 1863, and next in the volume, *In War Time, and Other Poems*, 1864.

The following note marks the end of one period of Whittier's life. After this, his beloved niece, Elizabeth, kept house for him in Amesbury until her marriage with Samuel T. Pickard, of Portland. During the later years, the poet was

[16] Later, Mrs. Woodman, of Oak Knoll.

much with his cousins at Oak Knoll, and also with Joseph and Gertrude Whittier Cartland, at whose home in Newburyport, at 244 High Street, he was a frequent visitor. Details are given in Pickard's *Life and Letters of Whittier* and in *Whittier-Land*.

WHITTIER TO JONATHAN CARTLAND

Amesbury 3rd 9th Mo
1864

Dear Cousin

My dear Sister Lizzie passed away this morning, after months of great suffering.

The funeral will be on Monday at 2 o'clk. We should like to have thee & sisters at the funeral.

I do not know whether Jos. & Gertrude are with you or not. Have telegraphed to Providence, but if they are in Lee, I hope they will be with us.

Thy Aff Cousin
JOHN G. WHITTIER

WHITTIER TO CAROLINE CARTLAND 2ND[17]

Amesbury 5 Mo. 14, 1868.

My dear friend

No stronger claim upon my attention could possibly be presented, than the simple fact that thee is Moses Cartland's daughter. I wish I could do what thee asks, but in my weak health; I can do nothing beyond what is absolutely necessary & even that is a burden to me. Indeed it would give me pleasure to write for your class, but, under the circumstances, I dare not promise.

The memory of thy father is very dear to me, as it is I am sure to all his friends. His memory is a precious legacy to his children.

I hope if thee ever come this way, thee will come & see me. Thy well-written letter indicates that thou hast made good use of thy opportunities of education.

With much [love] to Joseph & Gertrude, I am very truly thy friend & cousin
JOHN G. WHITTIER

[17] A Senior at Friends' School, Providence.

ELIZABETH PEABODY AND THE TEMPLE SCHOOL

JOSEPHINE E. ROBERTS

ALCOTT'S famous educational experiment in Boston of the eighteen-thirties owes more to Elizabeth Peabody than any printed material on that subject suggests.[1] The books which merely mention Miss Peabody as Mr. Alcott's assistant err in understatement.

When Amos Bronson Alcott, after an educational sojourn in Philadelphia, returned to Boston in the summer of 1834 with some rather surprising letters written by his pupils under ten years of age, he was enthusiastic about starting a school in Boston. But there were obstacles in the way until his undaunted and equally enthusiastic friend and admirer, Elizabeth Peabody, removed them. In the first place, so many schools were already well established in Boston that a new undertaking might be hazardous. Besides, Mr. Alcott did not know the right people to approach. But Miss Peabody stuffed the children's journals into her ever-present bag and set out to "gather" a school for him, because, she wrote, "Alcott is a man destined, it appears to me, to make an era in society, and I believe he will."[2] Almost at once Elizabeth, by means of Alcott's journals and her own enthusiasm, "engaged" four children. Then Mrs. Alcott pointed out another difficulty in the way. But let Elizabeth Peabody herself tell the story in a letter to her sister Mary, then in Cuba:

> On Saturday Mr. Alcott came and brought me the journals of his scholars and their letters to him—they are all under ten years of age! He stayed and talked like an embodiment of intel-

1 The following account is based largely on Elizabeth Peabody's manuscript, "Cuba Journal," made up of letters directed to Mary Peabody during the year 1834 and part of 1835, privately owned by Mr. Horace Mann, Southwest Harbor, Maine.

2 "Cuba Journal" [undated entry].

lectual light—and yet calm, solemn, and simple as ever. I told him I wanted him to make an effort for a school here—and he said he wished to—but he thought he could not do it without a modification of his plan. He must have a school at different hours from other schools and for a shorter session—two hours and a half—say. I told him there would be a difficulty in this.—[A caller interrupted at this point] When he went away, I told Mr. Alcott I would inquire about the children in town and see whether there was not a chance for him. When he went away, I took up the journals etc.—and was *amazed* beyond measure at the composition. I read some of them to Mr. Rice[3] and he immediately engaged William. After dinner I went down to Mrs. Gustavus Tuckerman and she engaged three. I called at Mrs. Bliss's but she was not at home. I then went to [?] Mary's to make one or two more inquiries and found Mrs. Alcott at home alone. We talked over the prospect. She thought it would never succeed without more book learning and that Mr. Alcott could never put his mind to that—He needed an assistant and yet it was out of the question to find an assistant who was competent and that he could afford to pay. I told her I would be his assistant—that is, I would teach two hours and a half a day for a year in his school for such compensation as he could afford to pay. When she found I was really in earnest, she was in *a rapture* and Mr. A. too when he came in. I told him I would only engage until your return—on these terms. They both said the terms were altogether too little, but it is not a partnership and he could give me no more possibly—with 30 scholars—as his expenses would be great. However, he said if there could be anything more given, he would, for in justice I should have full half the income. I told him it was not with me a plan for life but only a temporary scheme.[4]

Elizabeth's offer was not, of course, pure philanthropy. In February of that year she wrote, "I am so poor." She had been barely able to pay her bills from the proceeds of her Historical School, her Reading Party, and her savings, and

[3] Unidentified, with whom Elizabeth was then staying and whose children she was teaching.

[4] "Cuba Journal" [undated entry].

expected to go home in May "pennyless and prospectless" except for what she might get from her articles in the *Christian Examiner*. "If Mr. Emerson should offer me a place in his school, I would take it for $300," [5] she said. So the plan for assisting Alcott came as "a light for the next winter" and made her "feel very happy." [6] In addition to the other activities just mentioned, she was at the time teaching seven hours a day in private homes.

Nor was her interest wholly a pecuniary one. She earnestly desired closer association with the man whose mind at the moment she most admired. She spent an entire day reading his Philadelphia journal and pronounced it "a beautiful philosophic treatise." [7] She believed wholeheartedly that Alcott had "a beautiful and very great mind." [8]

There followed numerous calls back and forth between Alcott and Miss Peabody to discuss ways and means for the school. "In the latter part of the evening Mr. and Mrs. Alcott came and we talked about houses, etc.," [9] Elizabeth wrote to her sister in July. A night or so later she called on the Alcotts and then added, "That house next Trinity Church has been put in repair and the plan seems to be that somebody take it and take Mr. Alcott and his school to board."

In August she "met Mr. Alcott and went and looked at a room in the Temple for a schoolroom." [10] By September they had the room in shape for the beginning of school. "Here I was interrupted by Mr. Alcott and went up to Parkers and thence to the schoolroom. That table all repaired of mine is put before the Gothic window in the schoolroom and opposite is another table of this shape where Mr. Alcott is to sit." [11] Other details follow, but the same items are

5 "Cuba Journal," February 8, 1834.
6 "Cuba Journal" [undated entry, above].
7 "Cuba Journal," September [1834].
8 "Cuba Journal," July 31 [1834].
9 "Cuba Journal," July 31 [1834].
10 "Cuba Journal," August [1834].
11 "Cuba Journal," September 14 [1834].

described more fully in a letter written two weeks later after the school had opened and the finishing touches had been added.

I will tell you now a little about the schoolroom. It is about 60 feet *solid* with the upper part of the Gothic window to light it and two of those little holes thus

which gives an uncrossed light. Just before the window stands our long table at which I sit. Opposite the window is the appearance of a door the same shape as the window, and Mr. Alcott is going to have a piece of furniture including closets, library shelves, and blackboard there—with a bust on top. Before that stands a table in the form of a half moon round which he can take a class. The corner at his right hand is occupied by the stove which stands out so far as to afford room for a shelf behind it on which are two fine geraniums now and which is to be filled with flowers. There is my green sofa near the stove. The desks for the children are to look toward the wall and to go all round the room except at this corner. In the two corners next the street are high pedestals with a fine Socrates on one and as fine Plato on the other. Opposite each other on the sides of the room (each side has a door in the middle) between the doors and the front wall are two pictures which Mr. Rice lent us—quite large landscapes—one an ancient temple and festival and the other some fine mountains. Opposite the stove is my picture of Dr. Channing. And a bas relief of Christ is to be put up on the left hand of the pieces of furniture I mentioned. There is a carpet on the floor, and they sit in very pretty chairs.

When school begins they take their chairs and sit in a large semicircle before Mr. Alcott and he talks to them, reads to them, hears them read and spell and define words. These exercises take up all the time until recess.

After recess I take them and give them Latin lessons, Arithmetic and Geography lessons. Thus you see I am not obliged to go

there until eleven o'clock, but at present I prefer to go because it is very entertaining to me to hear Mr. Alcott talk.[12]

Elizabeth's account differs from printed sources, which have given the impression that, after the school was well under way, Elizabeth Peabody went and offered her services. Here certainly it is evident that Elizabeth not only helped find and furnish the place but also secured the first scholars and herself provided the book learning necessary for the school's success. Mr. Alcott's own appreciative words about his assistant suggest, also, that her help was given in the initial stages of the school. "Her [Elizabeth Peabody's] proposition to aid me comes from the deep interest she feels in human culture and her friendly desire to establish me in the city." [13]

Elizabeth's account of the first days is somewhat enlightening.

Eighteen scholars came, eight girls and ten boys—Willy Rice, S. G. Williams, J. Sewall, H. Higginson, three Gustavus Tuckermans, George Kuhn, Robert Rogers, August Shurtleff, Helen Shurtleff, Luisa Peabody, Susan Wainwright, Lucy Channing, Mary Rogers, Sarah Barret, Emma Savage, Pamela Colman—a lovely set of children. The three Tuckermans will be the hardest to manage. They are just like Jane. At ten o'clock Mr. A. made them sit round in a semicircle and read them a very simple story and asked them what they came to school for and talked till nearly twelve without any of us finding out what time it was. Among other things he wanted to know if they thought punishment was necessary and each one said yes—separately. They all said too that they preferred to be punished when they did wrong. The little Tuckermans demurred, however, in this a little. I then tried them in Arithmetic. At two I came home—Sept. 23—Went to school and found four new scholars—Lemuel Sh[ ], John Davis, two little Colmans. We had a very good time.[14]

12 "Cuba Journal," September 21 [1834].

13 F. B. Sanborn and William T. Harris, *A. Bronson Alcott, His Life and Philosophy* (Boston, 1893), I, 177, quoting from Alcott's journal of September 22 [1834].

14 "Cuba Journal," September 22 and 23 [1834].

As time went on, Elizabeth added to her own teaching load in the Temple School. In addition to the three subjects mentioned, she speaks often of the literature which she read to her "dear little class":

> With my class at the Temple I read on Tuesday and Friday afternoons all the rest of the Homeric hymns and some extracts from the hymn to Venus and now we are prepared for the Iliad. On Wednesday I began the Faery Queen, and Mary Ruth Channing joined us, and Caroline Sturgis will join us next Wednesday. You never saw a deeper interest. It was really delightful.[15]

When the temperature in December went down to zero and they had "a dreadful time to keep the children warm"—only two came to school that day—Elizabeth lightened her reading a little by giving the tots Peter Bell and the Ancient Mariner instead of Homer and "you have no idea with what breathless interest" [16] they listened! Another time she took the Alcott pupils to a nearby room to see Greenough's "Soul of a Child," which was on exhibition. The children were "deeply interested," in this work of art, which Elizabeth called "a dream of heaven." [17] She had many pleasant talks with the scholars from time to time.

Meanwhile, what about remuneration? In the early days Elizabeth wrote, "I intend to give my services to Mr. Alcott this quarter. The next quarter I shall ask $100. But he cannot afford to give much." [18] By December the agreement had been changed slightly, adding Mary as a possible substitute assistant after her return from Cuba.

> After school I had a talk with Mr. Alcott, and you or I can have a hundred dollars a quarter for assisting him *half the school hours*. This should be you when you return and then you will have 400 dollars secured which will pay for your board and

[15] "Cuba Journal," December 16 [1834].
[16] "Cuba Journal," December 16 [1834].
[17] "Cuba Journal," November 21 [1834].
[18] "Cuba Journal," October 25 [1834].

clothes, and the school I intend to keep, in which you will assist, will pay mine and leave something—I hope—to put into *the bank* to take care of us when we are too old to work. I shall not take $100 a quarter at present however---

Mr. Alcott came in the evening and we talked over matters and things. I have secured—as far as there is earthly security—a situation for you in his school with $400 a year. I hope I shall be able to get a school and then we can live here together. If I cannot you must try your luck in Salem and leave this place to me—that is all that I can say.[19]

Elizabeth was at this time very eager to start a school of her own. "I shall do infinitely better than I have ever yet done with a *new* school, I know. I have got some excellent ideas from Mr. Alcott."[20] But this plan never materialized. Perhaps the opening of a girls' school by Dr. and Elizabeth Follen was the reason, because Elizabeth said when she heard of it, "I think this is our death blow, my dear Mary, and fear there is no hope for you but a Salem school and for me but to continue Mr. Alcott's assistant and live alone."[21] At any rate Mary did begin teaching in Salem in April, 1835.

Although Elizabeth's enthusiasm for Alcott's teaching lasted for a good while, her criticism was not long in beginning. In the early days of October she wrote, "Would that I could convey to you his instructions! They are full of life and liberty."[22] After listening to many of Alcott's Socratic conversations, she told her sister approvingly, "Mr. Alcott's sole purpose in the mental way during the first two months seemed to be to bring out clearly in the children's consciousness the perception of their spiritual existence, as being the most real and permanent."[23] While advising Mary to teach her Cuban pupils printing, she wrote, "Mr. Alcott requires

19 "Cuba Journal," December 26 [1834].
20 "Cuba Journal" [undated entry].
21 "Cuba Journal," January 5 [1835].
22 "Cuba Journal," October 14 [1834].
23 "Cuba Journal," December 29 [1834].

a great deal of this from his children and it gives them very quiet habits. *Self command* is a great feature of his school."[24] But later she became critical. "Mr. Alcott's teaching is superlative, but he seems to me to require *too much* in the way of self control. It is unnatural."[25] Nevertheless she still practised his methods with her Sunday school pupils and wrote proudly to her sister, concerning an allegory which one of Alcott's pupils made, "This is the way our children talk; *they create*."[26]

Mr. Alcott's method of conversing with the children is too well known to bear repetition. If to us these seem to have been startlingly precocious youngsters who could follow his Orphic philosophy, at least Elizabeth Peabody believed enough in the method to devote many hours, often far into the night, to writing a record of the school,[27] which Mr. Emerson later noted in his journal as "very good." He expressed his approval also to Elizabeth, who wrote to her sister, "I have had a delightful letter from R. Waldo Emerson who says my *Record* is the only book of facts he ever read which was as enchaining [*sic*] as one of Miss Edgeworth's fictions, and many pleasant things besides."[28] This journal was begun in January, 1835, and continued for three months.

To her, then, we owe what we know about this adventure in new education. Through her *Record* we can see that, four years before the "Divinity School Address," certain of Emerson's views were being practised in Alcott's teaching: the immanence of God in nature, the benevolence of God, the reliance of man upon God. Not that Alcott necessarily anticipated Emerson's ideas, or that he necessarily learned them from Emerson: transcendentalism was a germ in the air;

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24 "Cuba Journal," October 25 [1834].

25 "Cuba Journal" [undated entry, 1835].

26 "Cuba Journal," February 25 [1835].

27 Elizabeth Palmer Peabody, *Record of a School* (Boston, 1835 and later editions).

28 Elizabeth Palmer Peabody to Mary Peabody, August 8, 1835, private collection of Mr. Horace Mann.

everyone had it. Once Elizabeth sent Mary a small book which contained "the beautiful theory of such a practice as Mr. Alcott has long since attempted."[29] Emerson put into memorable words these precepts of transcendentalism while Alcott put them into action—or as near action as transcendentalism ever came. Certainly each one was interested in the work of the other. "Waldo E. and his wife came down to listen to one of Mr. Alcott's conversations with the children. It was not one of the brightest but was very interesting."[30] And Alcott read the manuscript of Emerson's *Nature* in September, 1836.

So far as payment is concerned, there is no record that Elizabeth ever received any. By December she must have been hard pressed for funds, because she asked and received Alcott's permission to teach all morning on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays and be free the other days. Her reason apparently was to have time to prepare for her "Historical Lessons," which she gave to a group of young ladies in the afternoons of the remaining days. At this time she was still being paid to read to little Ann Rice in the evenings. She was also assiduously seeking pupils for her sister Mary, who was expected soon from Cuba. It is fairly apparent that Elizabeth needed cash. And no one could live on less than she.

By March 15, 1835, Elizabeth was living with the Alcotts. Were a room and board, then, Alcott's method of redeeming his promise? One can only surmise.

At first Elizabeth was pleased with the arrangement. "It was really delightful to find ourselves in a small family by ourselves," even though Mr. Alcott had "not yet brought that book case. He promised to this afternoon, but I have no faith in him."[31] As time went on, Elizabeth became more and more disillusioned about her idol with the "very great mind." Idols should be kept aloft, secure in their sanctuary

29 "Cuba Journal," January 23, 1835.
30 "Cuba Journal" [undated entry].
31 "Cuba Journal" [week before Easter, 1835].

niches, not seen in their sinister and sceptical moods at the dinner table. Not even "the nice-handled knives and forks" made up for the host's manners. The very first meal at 26 Front Street was uncomfortable. When Elizabeth stated that she had no desire to live for two centuries, Alcott accused her of "a suicidal sentiment" and then went on to abuse all doctors because of the harm they did. When she tried to defend the physicians, Alcott told her that she did not know how to observe. By the end of the meal Elizabeth had decided to be silent henceforth on subjects that might lead to disagreement but had put down Alcott as one who lacked humility and a sober estimate of his place among his fellows. She herself was "exceedingly trustful of the Future" and believed that "the soul of the race is inexhaustible." [32] Mrs. Alcott also irritated her. Although Elizabeth enjoyed the rare privilege of a room of her own at the Alcotts, she felt frequently that she was being treated shabbily. Of Mrs. Alcott Elizabeth once said that it would "be more comfortable to live on the top of a whirlwind than to live with her." [33] Even though her host had written her a sonnet of appreciation and her hostess had named the latest Alcott baby (Beth, in 1835) for her, Elizabeth found a namesake and a sonnet poor substitutes for civility and a salary.

After Elizabeth went into quarters of her own, the feeling toward Mr. Alcott grew even less cordial. She disapproved of too much reflection of the part of the children, of too much publicity, and of the embodiment of evil in concrete forms. She thought that his method of education was negative and told him flatly that a year of open-minded observation of his methods had convinced her of the rightness of her own! Not, she said, that she expected her opinion would make any difference to him, for she supposed no one would ever be able

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[32] "Cuba Journal," April 11, 1835.
[33] "Cuba Journal" [November, 1835].

to influence him![34] A conversation which she once had with him made her think less of him and of herself, but it gave her a "grumpy satisfaction" of feeling herself better than she formerly believed! Elizabeth was at the time succeeding quite well with a school of her own in Boston.

And then, ironically enough, Alcott, quite unintentionally, made Boston so uncomfortable for the Peabody sisters that they had to retire to their home nest in Salem. Elizabeth had to give up her successful school; and Mary and Sophia, their hopes of living in Boston. Mary had been teaching in Salem during most of the time since her return from Cuba, but during one period of unknown length she had substituted for Elizabeth at the Alcott school while Elizabeth was caring for a sick friend in Lowell, Massachusetts. Sophia also had made records of the school "conversations" during a part of 1836. Mary was always hoping for the chance to teach in Boston, but Elizabeth's school was not large enough to support two. Elizabeth kept wishing for Mary's company and for the chance to bring her family into the city. The invalid artist Sophia, of course, longed for the art treasures there. Then suddenly Alcott's publication of *Conversations on the Gospels,* made up of discussions held with his Temple School babes, brought an irate Boston down upon the heads of all who had been associated with the school; for in these conversations, Mr. Alcott had dared to define birth as "a spiritual act and fact prior to embodiment." And that was heresy to a prudish generation.

Inasmuch as the Peabody sisters were fellow sufferers, one might suppose that they would be among the first to point fingers of blame at Mr. Alcott. Instead, they rallied to the victim's defense. Sophia, though she has been called a prude,[35] declared that "the community have not yet arrived

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[34] Sanborn and Harris, I, 189–190, letter of Elizabeth Palmer Peabody to Alcott, October 8, 1835.

[35] Randall Stewart, in his edition of the *American Notebooks of Nathaniel Hawthorne,* accuses Sophia, later Mrs. Hawthorne, of "prudishness or false

at a state pure enough to comprehend the essence of things."[36] Mary Peabody thought the conversations "true and beautiful." "His genius is certainly to teach," she said. "If he had been cultivated on all sides, he would undoubtedly have been as popular as he is remarkable in that vocation."[37] Although Elizabeth had at first objected[38] to the publication of the *Conversations*, she too now felt "the absurdity of the kind of fault-finding there has been,"[39] and defended the work as Platonic doctrine, Wordsworthian philosophy, and "certainly . . . the doctrine of Christianity."[40]

So it appears that, in spite of vicissitudes in the professional collaboration of these two transcendentalists, Elizabeth Peabody was the first promoter, the chief recorder, and the last defender of Alcott's Temple School.

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delicacy" because in her editing of her husband's journals, "Passages relating to sex were revised or omitted," Introduction XV.

36 Sanborn and Harris, I, 224.

37 Mary Peabody to Horace Mann [1837], Library of the Massachusetts Historical Society, Boston.

38 In a letter to Sophia Peabody dated September 12, 1836, formerly in the possession of the late Mr. W. T. H. Howe, Cincinnati, Ohio, Alcott says he supposes that Elizabeth is "abject." But "tell her" he says, "nothing definite will be done regarding the 'Record of Conversations' till I hear from her."

39 Sanborn and Harris, I, 224.

40 Sanborn and Harris, I, 199.

MEMORANDA AND DOCUMENTS

A COLONIAL INVESTMENT

JOSEPH ESTABROOK WHITE

NOT many chances of profitable investment were to be found in Colonial days. Careful people with a few gold and silver coins to spare turned them over to goldsmiths to change into useful or ornamental plate. There were no factories of any importance: Great Britain was careful to prevent any interruption of her trade in manufactured articles. Commerce in sea-going vessels except for fisheries was largely a matter of smuggling. So crafty New Englanders had to look about carefully for a chance to add, however little, to their fortunes.

In 1752 there happened to be in Worcester County a matter of 28,000 acres—28,357 to be exact—of unappropriated land on the northern line. This was all that was left of vacant territory in the County, with slight exceptions, after grants of various Narragansett and Canada townships had met the demands of those soldiers, or their descendants, who had fought against the Narragansett Indians, or in the wars to the north against the French Canadians and their Indian allies.

In the General Court of 1752 there were men who were aware of the unappropriated 28,000 acres in northern Worcester County, and they moved to take them. Their action was sufficiently open and above-board. No scandal to our knowledge was attached to it. It was to the interest of the Colony to have the land settled. The government stipulated in such transactions to have certain things done at the outset, particularly that a church and a minister must be provided for: while a new township as a rule meant the extension of the frontier and a further defence against attacks from the north and west. The one thing the colonial government might have done to forestall excessive profits was to put a minimum price on the territory. This it did not do, although such had been the practice in regard to various small tracts scattered throughout the County. Why the Royalston territory was made an exception we have no means of knowing.

In the House of Representatives in 1752 were Thomas Hubbard, James Otis, Isaac Royal, Joseph Richards, and Joseph Wilder, Jr.; in the Council were John Chandler and Samuel Watts. An act was passed in June providing for the appointment of a committee to offer for sale the vacant 28,357 acres; and in December a syndicate, composed of the above mentioned legislators, with the addition of Isaac Freeman and Caleb Dana and the substitution of John Chandler, Jr., for John Chandler, bought the land for £1,348, or a little less than a shilling an acre. Apparently there was no competition, and the legislative committee gave the buyers the proper deeds. Anyone is justified in drawing what inference he pleases, but it is evident that these investors saw a chance to make a little money and seized it. Apparently there was no secrecy about the matter.

At an early meeting of the proprietors, at the Bunch of Grapes Tavern in Boston, the new district was named Royalshire after Isaac Royal, who offered twenty-five pounds toward the building of a church in the future town. "Royalshire" was changed to "Royalston" at the time of its incorporation in 1765. Isaac Royal was a loyalist, as perhaps was natural for a man of wealth and established position. He died in 1781 in England, true to his love for his old home. By his will he left certain properties, among them several lots of his Royalston purchase, for the founding of a professorship of law in Harvard College. This professorship, later established, was the beginning of the Harvard Law School. Royalston very sensibly refused to change its name in spite of the Tory principles of Isaac Royal.

Not long after the purchase, Thomas Hancock and John Erving took the place of Richards and Freeman, and on the death of Thomas Hancock, his nephew, John, became a proprietor through inheritance. In an early map of the district other names were added to holdings of two hundred acres each; but the original proprietors each retained a large number of two-hundred-acre lots. John Hancock had ten, Caleb Dana had sixteen, John Erving eight, Thomas Hubbard ten, John Chandler nine, James Otis ten, Joseph Wilder nine, Isaac Royal eleven, and Samuel Watts eleven.

This early map is interesting in that while the names of the proprietors are printed in large letters, scattered everywhere in

small letters are names which are evidently those of actual settlers.

On the western side of the map is a large block of land set off as Hunt's Division, given to one Hunt, tradition says, because he had taken pains to bury the bones of certain colonists long since perished in a skirmish with Indians. On the eastern side another lot is set off to a man named Priest, who had built a small tavern for the entertainment of travelers going north to the wars or for settlement in the Ashuelot Valley or to Charlestown ("No. 4") on the Connecticut. A small stream running south, a tributary to Millers River, itself a tributary of the Connecticut near Greenfield, still bears the name Priest's Brook.

Let us now see whether the proprietors made the anticipated profit. In the first place, minister's lots had to be set off; the church, such as it was, had to be built; a mill for the grinding of corn and the sawing of lumber had to be provided for; and lots for sixty settlers had to be given to those who would come into the new township and give it a start. All these preliminaries required a total of 4,585 acres, to be deducted from the original 28,357 acres. Scarcely were operations ready to begin when the French and Indian War came on, which effectively stopped anything like occupancy. It was not until 1762 that settlers began to come in, but after that they came so rapidly that in 1765 the town was incorporated.

One difficulty in determining the profits of the proprietors is that few of those to whom deeds were given had the deeds recorded. In those days of bad roads, or no roads at all, with slow means of locomotion, Royalston was a long way from the county seat. On the other hand, in the few deeds today accessible, the amount paid is given—"one dollar and other considerations" had not then become the fashion. A deed given by James Otis to Gamaliel Beaman gives the price paid by Beaman for two hundred acres as 122 pounds and eight shillings. This sum was quite as much as Otis had paid for all his holdings. This Otis was not the patriot, but his father. John Hancock sold two hundred acres for £122. This single sale, like that of Otis, would more than pay for Uncle Thomas' original purchase. Samuel Watts sold to Jedidiah Boynton two hundred acres for £73, 6s., 8d. Apparently Watts was not so good a salesman as Otis or Hancock; nevertheless the amount he received for the land was eight times what he had

paid for it. These three sales were all in the so-called Royalston Leg,[1] a district remote from the center of the town, that is, remote from the church and consequently less desirable for settlement. The general opinion of those in a position to form a correct estimate is that the proprietors made from ten to twenty times the purchase price. In this estimate, certainly one must take into account interest on the sum involved; but the interest was not large, inasmuch as most sales were made before the Revolution and no meeting of the proprietors was held after the early eighties—which meant that the lots were practically sold out.

[1] The Royalston Leg was an extension of Royalston, a mile wide, along the northern border of Winchendon, the next town to the east. When Winchendon was set up, it was thought to extend to the New Hampshire line; but later, when the true line was run, an ungranted strip six miles long was included in the Royalston purchase. This strip, since it runs from the upper corner of Royalston, might better have been called the "Royalston Arm." A few years after the incorporation of the towns, the strip was annexed to Winchendon. A curious provision of the annexation was that the inhabitants of the Leg should not vote for the removal farther north of the central church.

THE UTOPIAN COLLEGE OF JARED SPARKS

MALCOLM STEARNS, JR.

THE "Great Rebellion" of Harvard College students in 1823[1] led to an extended controversy, within college circles and without, regarding the system of instruction then in practice. As one result, the Massachusetts General Court in 1825 passed a new code for the University, with over a hundred articles dealing with all phases of its operation. The famous Law 61 of this code provided for a redivision of classes according to ability rather than alphabet. Advocates of reform were disappointed, however, because this change was made optional only, and the Faculty, with the exception of George Ticknor, in his department of modern languages, opposed it and disregarded its provisions.

[1] See S. E. Morison, "The Great Rebellion in Harvard College," *Publications* of the Colonial Society of Massachusetts, XXVII, 54–112.

Ticknor's continued advocacy of the measure, however, may have been responsible for President Kirkland's undertaking to investigate the matter further. On August 29, 1825, he wrote to Jared Sparks,[2] then editor of the *North American Review,* who, he had heard, held definite opinions about the division of students according to department rather than class. To this, Sparks replied on September 3. Sparks had been graduated from Harvard in 1815, at the advanced age of twenty-six, and had since been a college tutor and a Unitarian minister in Baltimore. When, twenty-four years later, he became himself President of Harvard, he never got beyond a determined attack upon the growing elective system. He was a firm believer in the mental discipline of the old classical curriculum, which he would have each student master as fast as he was capable of moving, whether the process required two years or as many as six.

Sparks's answer to Kirkland's request for information in 1825[3] probably went a good deal beyond the President's expectations. As a statement of advanced educational ideas for its time, it merits preservation.

BOSTON, SEP. 3d., 1825

REV. PRESIDENT KIRKLAND,
Dear Sir,

Your note of the 29th ulto. has been duly received, but I cannot flatter myself, that I can throw any light on the subject you mention. I formerly had many notions about college, but none I believe which have not entered wiser heads than mine, or that would be of any value to gentlemen, who have given their best thoughts to the subject. For the last six years my pursuits have been so entirely foreign from everything pertaining to a college, that I do not feel qualified, without more reflection than I have given, to express any opinion. A breaking up of the old distinction of classes, and a division according to capacity, industry, character, & scholarship; and the giving of degrees as a testimony and reward of attainments, without reference to the time employed in making them; seem to me to be at the foundation of the right mode of instruction in a college,—but I have never matured the details of such a system.

Degrees as they are now bestowed have almost no value; and

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2 In the Sparks Collection, Harvard University Library.

3 In the possession of the writer.

when we consider, that we have nearly one hundred colleges in the United States annually conferring degrees on boys that have been four years within their walls, and that from the nature of our state governments we shall soon have five hundred, it is obvious that some other standard of conferring degrees must be adopted than merely a space of time. At present a degree is a certificate, that a young man has contrived to live four years within the purlieus of a college, and that is all. Such a certificate answers no good end, nor do I find that it serves any valuable purpose in society. A literary degree, to be worth having, should be founded on literary *attainments*, and on these alone. Fix the amount of attainments, and if they can be accomplished in two years, let the degree then be given; or if they require six years, withhold the degree till they shall be thoroughly made. Degree-making begins already to be regarded by the community in no very dignified light, & as a mere form; nor will it gain favor, till a degree shall be in reality, what it pretends to be, a testimony of intellectual attainments and merit. This can never be done, while the old requisition of four years commorancy in a college is made the price of a degree.

Moreover the Procrustean division of classes has many evils in itself; by stretching out, and lopping off, all are forced into the same dimensions; some are discouraged and others disgusted by the operation; boys are half manufactured into men & made to act a part for which they are unfitted, and men are levelled into the rank of boys, and put anew into leading strings. They are set to conning their grammar rules, committing definitions, and going through all the details of a school; and they are obliged to waste many hours and days in going though [*sic*] the forms of recitation and discipline which they might employ to great advantage if allowed to study in a more liberal way with a view to rapid & solid attainment. I speak from some experience; I entered college as a man; from the necessary operation of the system I was treated as a boy. I went there at the age of discretion, & determined to learn as much as possible, but from the spirit of the place, it seemed to be taken for granted that I had little discretion, and that like other boys, my chief object was to pass along with as little study as was consistent with a reputable standing. I felt these effects of the system very sensibly, & tell you frankly, that mainly for this reason I had few happy days in college. For myself, I am confident I could acquire more in two years under a liberal system, than in four under the Procrustean. Many others I have heard express the same sentiment.

But not only men and boys of all ages & degrees of maturity are thus leveled,—they are also subjected to the same degree of

intellectual labor in the same time, without any regard to the capacity, ardor, industry, and activity of each. Some are crowded forward beyond their powers, till they become wholly discouraged, and others are kept back, till their zeal expires, & their love of learning grows cold; till they lose the habits of application, and their ardor is stifled by neglect. This consideration alone is enough to show the extreme necessity of a division on different principles from those of the old system.

In short, my present impression is, that a greater absurdity can hardly be imagined, than that of putting a hundred men and boys into a class alphabetically arranged, keeping them together four years, subject to the same rules of discipline and modes of study, and then sending them out each with the same certificate of merit, learning, and character. But how much easier is it to detect a fault, than devise a remedy.

I am, Sir, with great respect
and sincere affection, your
friend and obt. servt.

JARED SPARKS.

BOOK REVIEWS

The editors of the NEW ENGLAND QUARTERLY *neither assume nor accept any responsibiity whatever for the opinions of reviewers.*

The New England People: Builders of America. By Lewis T. McKenney, A.M. (Boston: Meador Publishing Company. 1942. Pp. 191. $2.00.)

This is no time to ridicule even the humblest expression of pride in the past of our country, whether regional or otherwise. Yet well-intentioned ineptitude does only harm, in the long run, to the cause which it is supposed to be assisting, and it may even furnish our enemies with parallels to their own racial absurdities. With a banality and an inaccuracy which should bring protests from intelligent sixth-graders, the author of this gem of provincial piety undertakes to tell the "stirring story of the most stirring people in history," the "sterling people," the "mighty people," a "people nobler than they thought," the "dominating race in this country's founding and development," the "guiding power that has shaped the character of America." This "race unsurpassed by any people on the pages of history" and naturally "predominant among the nations of the world" is the New England People, carefully restricted by definition to the "Pilgrims and Puritans and their descendants." The author remarks pointedly that he does not refer to "the rank and file of the inhabitants of the New England States as at present constituted."

The amount of straight-faced boasting which he manages to do in the course of recounting his strange version of American history confirms all the worst gibes which have ever been launched against New England provincialism. So fantastic are his claims ("One hundred Pilgrims, beginning at Plymouth, through their descendants, colonized a continent") that even he finally wonders whether his readers will not ask: "Do you mean to say the New England People have done all this? Performed these miracles?" The answer, he states without hesitation, is a resounding "Yes!" Others, under New England direction, have helped in minor ways,

but the "most potent factor" was "the little band of exiles." Had the *Mayflower* "kept her planned course and reached her intended destination near the site of what is now New York," the result would have been "difficult, and perhaps not pleasant, to contemplate," but "an unseen Hand was at the helm."

Copiously sprinkled with such gems as "the North American Indians are indiginous (*sic*) to America and developed here with the flora and fauna of the continent" and "during Calvin Coolidge's wise, thoughtful, prudent administration there has never been [the tense would even indicate a refusal to recognize its termination] a complaint—not even of mistakes in judgment;" and with references to "Dr. Alex Hidlacker" of the National Museum as well as of "M. D. Lusseps" of canal fame, the book is also ornamented with sentimental chromos, and poems for which no permission to quote is indicated. If it were not for the fact that its nonsense in ignorant hands may easily breed dangerous and divisive prejudices, the whole sorry matter might be disregarded. But the work presents the positive side of what quickly takes the negative form of contempt for all "lesser breeds." Race is absurdly glorified, and we are assured that racial traits never change. One shudders to think what this naïve compendium of the glorious doings of the American *Herrenvolk* might become in the hands of an incipient imitation-Hitler.

For there is a mystery left almost unexplained, namely—how did this stupendous, colossal, adventurous, enterprising, dominating (or, as the author is frequently moved to exclaim) "What a people!" happen to give place to New Englanders as "at present constituted?" There is a hint, however, on page 95, where we discover that "contrary to every law of civilized society," the government is "providing unemployment compensation" when "there never has been a time in the history of this country when a young man who wanted to work need be long out of a job."

In short, if a conspiracy had been formed in those heathen regions which lie beyond the Berkshires to make New England the laughing-stock of the educated, it could hardly have produced anything so likely to accomplish its purpose as this volume with its Boston imprint. Yet one may conclude with confidence that the worth and fame of New England people, and not "The New

England People," is so great and so genuine that it can survive even the well-meant but misguided hosannahs of Mr. McKenney.

HAROLD A. LARRABEE.

Union College.

Our Singing Country: A Second Volume of American Ballads and Folk Songs. Collected and compiled by John A. Lomax and Alan Lomax. Ruth Crawford Seeger, Music Editor. (New York: Macmillan Company. 1941. Pp. xxxiv, 416. $5.00.)

Avowedly popular, this volume is the best introduction to American folk-singing that we have seen. So intelligently have editors and publishers worked together that the typography almost as much as the arrangement conducts the reader to what most interests him. The reader for pleasure fails to notice the precision of the boxed-in source references; the scholar is not annoyed by deficiency or inadequacy in the information he needs; the singer not interested in ballads as a study is wooed to sing the airs while he is ably instructed as to how folk-music should be sung. We close the book impressed with the variety, vitality, and value of the native songs which have, like Topsy, "just growed."

Many who appreciate the present popularity of folk-songs and folk-singing cannot realize that the vogue is of such recent date. The time between Lomax's *Cowboy Ballads* and the present book, a single generation, covers the whole renewal of popular attention to ballad-singing. It was in 1910 that John Lomax published the first collection of American folk-songs ever made for popular use. Barrett Wendell and Theodore Roosevelt recognized the quality of the material, and the latter wrote Mr. Lomax, "It is therefore a work of real importance to preserve permanently this unwritten ballad literature of the back country and the frontier." Bliss Perry's E. T. Earl lectures of 1912, delivered in California and elsewhere, and printed the same year as *The American Mind,* quite possibly were the mordant which fixed the color that attracted Wendell; for almost at once came recognition of the literary importance of these unliterary performances.

Though the first to popularize our native folk-song, Professor

Lomax was not its discoverer, its first collector, or its most scholarly exponent. The English ballad had long been studied, and before the opening of the present century there had been hot discussion behind academic fences of its origin and status. The Old School, to whom a ballad was verses in print, accepted Professor Child's list of three hundred and five English and Scottish popular ballads as a closed canon, like the Bible; no more could ever be added; the mould was broken, the ballad a lost art. The origin of the ballad was explained by the theory of "communal creation," which today sounds as bizarre as the Victorian explanations of fossils in the rocks and Noah's flood.

However, there were heretics in the land. About 1900, two young students, Louise Pound and Phillips Barry, insisting that the ballad was not dead, confounded their betters by going out and finding singers who knew the old English ballads, and not from books. They brought back not only texts of Child ballads but ancient traditional airs in the old gapped scales, learned with the words. This promethean impiety brought down the wrath of the Immortals upon them, but the heretics did not recant. They went on finding not only more old ballads and airs but old ones being modernized, and new ones in the making. Folk-song proved to be very much alive in America. Miss Pound and Mr. Barry in time became the proponents of a new theory of "communal re-creation" in folk-songs. Air and words were of equal importance in folk-song, they averred; the air was commonly the older part, and as often as they chose, the Folk modified it or fitted new words to it to adapt it to some later story or more recent emotion. The Folk were creative, but not original; they borrowed, adapted, altered existing material rather than invented new. The substance of folk-song was basically literary; its patina came from being handled by so many unknown singers who passed it along through the years. The contest between the two schools of theory was long and bitter, but enough hard facts will in the end wear down the finest theories; and the communal theory of ballad origins died when, as the last discovery of his life and the end of thirty-four years of research upon that one song, Phillips Barry proved that "Young Charlotte," recognized everywhere as of folk origin, was only an adaptation of some

moralistic verses written and printed by Seba Smith a century ago.

It was in this period of scholastic controversy that Professor Lomax arrived with his wealth of new material found in a land so recently occupied that everything in it must have either originated there or been imported thither within the memory of men then living. Texas was virgin soil for folk-song. The cowboy was a recent type. These songs ought to be traceable to their sources. Many of them were found to be importations from the East, adapted to the new conditions; others were from literary material of known authorship. Most ironic is it to discover that the learned Reverend Thomas C. Upham, of the chair of mental and moral philosophy of Bowdoin College, should now be remembered only by a cowboy ballad, "Her White Bosom Bare," adapted from the "Olbin, or the White Captive" of his sophomoric youth.

Coming in this period of bitter controversy over theories, Professor Lomax's collections served as a valuable "control." For the two sorts of tradition, of time and of space, one dealing with the age of ballads and the other with their dispersion, one with the history of individual songs and the other with their migrations, Professor Lomax by his extensive field-recordings provided invaluable material for study.

We are not inclined to pick faults in honest work; but in a book which is not intended to be merely a selection of the best songs, covering too much territory may be a defect. To find "Moosehead Lake" (226) among these predominantly Southern songs gives a chill like encountering an iceberg in the Gulf Stream. This Maine song is not only very local but of so little importance that many years of field work in Maine have failed to discover anyone who knows it. The only significance the song has is showing how these purely personal gibes survive and travel, like sparks on a chimney-back, dying at the center, alive only upon the periphery; for Nova Scotia and Vermont, the only places where this song has been found alive since 1916, are almost equally distant from Bangor, where it originated sixty years ago.

Between Professor Lomax's first small pulp-paper collection of ballads "jotted down on a table in the rear of saloons, scrawled on an envelope while squatting about a campfire, caught behind the scenes of a broncho-busting outfit," and this latest volume, in

which every song is recorded with its air by the finest of mechanical equipment, transcribed by an expert in folk-music, and edited by experienced field workers, lies the whole history of the popular interest in folk song in America. Never did we need so much as at present to cultivate this democratic art of singing together the songs made and loved by the Folk, the undifferentiated and usually inarticulate people whose creative artistry has given us respect for the man who works with his hands and sings from his heart.

FANNIE HARDY ECKSTORM.

Brewer, Maine.

Paul Revere and the World He Lived In. By Esther Forbes. (Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Pp. 510. $3.75.)

This is a novelist's biography, but it is (thank Heaven!) not fictionized, nor yet (more thanks!) dramatized. But the historian's weighing of evidence, the giving of reasons for decisions, the noting of sources, are mostly lacking. In a text of 464 pages there are but fifty-four notes; and the reader must accept much without question, or hunt up the sources himself. Delighting in the picturesque, Miss Forbes makes John Howe, whose little pamphlet appeared fifty years after the opening of the Revolution, the "favorite spy" of General Gage. The story, with its tale of fat and pompous Colonel Smith disguising himself as a yokel, fits few of the probabilities of the case, and has been rejected by most historians. Miss Forbes is a little inclined to treat conjecture as fact. She takes so much joy in repeating the name of George Robert Twelvetrees Hewes, one is almost sorry to spoil her magic combination by giving the real third name, Twelves. And if a reader of the last sentence objects to its grammar (as the reviewer emphatically does) the excuse is that it is exactly patterned on a favorite construction of Miss Forbes's. After all, the conjunction *that* has grammatical value, and colloquialism in print can be carried too far.

But having said so much, the rest is all praise. This substitute for Goss's old collection of documents about Revere has long been

overdue; but it will be a longer time before its own substitute will be needed. Miss Forbes modestly ascribes the research for the book to her mother, that excellent student of old New England. Even so, the facts were thoroughly assimilated, and the skill of the practised novelist makes for brisk movement and color. The double title of the book represents the two tasks which the author set herself. She has carried them out well. Under her hand old Boston becomes a personality. No one else has so mastered and shown the intricacies of relationship and neighborhood in the town of that day. Perhaps she over-emphasizes the mobbishness of Boston, particularly in the Andros case. After all, the leading men usually led. But the author brings to light many a forgotten person or neglected fact. The houses, crowded together and themselves crowded within, the narrow and crooked streets, the inquisitive people, instantly responding to any excitement or alarm—these have never been better pictured. In these pages Boston teems, and not only its dignitaries but even the men in the alley live again. This is a perfect background for Revere himself, whom Miss Forbes rescues from the too poetic garb by which he is generally known. His famous ride is shown to be but one of many; his other activities are in their turn brought out. The story of his silver and his engravings is but lightly touched in—reserved, we hope, for the antiquarian who lives in Miss Forbes's own city. But Revere's youth, his gradual rise to a secure position as craftsman, his natural leadership among the artisans of Boston, the confidence vested in him by the men of influence, his services in the Revolution, his subsequent steady rise in the field of manufacture, with his craftsmanship once more showing in the art of bell-casting—all these Miss Forbes makes plain. Nor does Revere lose in the process: rather he gains. From a dimly seen legendary hero he becomes a man of solid worth, artist in his own right, responsible public man, inventive manufacturer, speaking to New England still from the tongues of his bells, and on his domestic side a considerate husband, father, and neighbor. Revere emerges as a hero of the sort needed today, a Yankee citizen whom we are lucky to have as a model.

ALLEN FRENCH.

Concord, Massachusetts.

Newport Tower. By Philip Ainsworth Means. (New York: Henry Holt and Company. 1942. Pp. xxi, 334. $5.00.)

In *Newport Tower,* the distinguished archaeologist of pre-Columbian Peru, Philip Ainsworth Means, has reopened the old controversy as to the orgin of the old tower at Newport, usually called "The Old Stone Mill." He maintains that it is probably a round church, constructed by the Norsemen between the twelfth and fourteenth centuries, or in any event a building constructed by some of the early voyagers prior to the arrival of the English on these shores. He maintains that it was not a windmill built by Governor Benedict Arnold, as is generally believed. This book is a most elaborate and exhaustive treatise upon the subject.

The architectural and structural features of the "Tower" are carefully considered, as well as its history since its first appearance in documentary evidence in 1677. There is an excellent epitome of the controversial literature upon the subject, a full discussion of windmill construction and of the mediaeval round churches scattered over Western Europe from Italy to Scandinavia, and a full presentation of the scanty references to Vinland in the Norse chronicles and other mediaeval sources. Mr. Means believes that the building was constructed by a "secret" Norse colony in Vinland, probably by Bishop Eric Gnupsson of Greenland, who, the Icelandic chronicles tell us, "fared forth in quest of Vinland" in 1121, and that it was converted into a windmill by Governor Arnold.

In Newport the structure has always been known as the "Old Stone Mill," supposedly erected by Governor Arnold in 1675. It first appears in a deed dated 28 February, 1676/7, and soon afterward Governor Arnold refers to it in his will of 24 December, 1677, as "my stone built wind mill." It was used as a mill until well into the eighteenth century, but it was already abandoned when Gilbert Stuart made his painting of it about 1770-1775. In the Revolution it was used by the British to store gunpowder, and since then it has remained a picturesque ruin. In the third decade of the last century the theory was advanced that it was of Norse construction, and a lively controversy raged as to whether it was a Norse ruin or a New England windmill. Competent historians

usually accept the latter view, but recently two English scholars, J. Tavenor-Perry and Dr. F. J. Allen, and the French student of mediaeval architecture, Camille Enlart, have revived the Norse theory.

Mr. Means points out the general resemblance of the "Tower" to the mediaeval round churches and especially the well-known round churches of the Holy Sepulchre at Cambridge and St. Olaf's Church at Tönsberg, Norway (the latter now no longer in existence), but it must be noted that the resemblance is not so close as one could wish. None of these churches possesses a fireplace such as appears in the Newport ruin. Mr. Means points out that this fireplace, in the position it is in, must have been a fire menace, but it is known that some windmills of the period did have fireplaces. The mediaeval construction of the window openings which he notes is worthy of consideration. The strongest point in favor of the Norse theory is the fact that the building is quite unlike any contemporary windmill construction in England, or for that matter in Europe, except for the well-known windmill at Chesterton, County Warwick, which was built in 1632 by Inigo Jones, though probably for some other purpose, perhaps as an observatory, and only converted into a mill in the eighteenth century. Upon this point, however, the evidence is not so conclusive as one could wish. Furthermore, it is very unlikely that Governor Arnold could have been personally acquainted with the Chesterton building, since he was born more than a hundred miles away, at Ilchester, in Somerset, in 1615, and came to New England in 1635, a fact which has long been known to students of Rhode Island history and genealogy. It must be noted, nevertheless, that there may well have been persons in the Newport of 1675 who were acquainted with the Chesterton building. The "Limington Farm" at Newport mentioned by Governor Arnold in his will was, moreover, undoubtedly named for Limington near Ilchester, and not for Leamington in Warwickshire, which is not far from Chesterton. Mr. Means is inclined to lay undue stress upon the spelling of the name in Governor Arnold's will, considering the extreme looseness of seventeenth-century spelling. The chief points in favor of the Norse theory may be summed up as (1) the unsuitability of the "Tower" for mill purposes and its lack of

resemblance to other windmill construction of the period, (2) its general resemblance to mediaeval round church construction, and (3) the unlikelihood that Arnold could have been personally familiar with the Chesterton building.

The scanty references to Vinland in mediaeval sources, notably the Icelandic chronicles and the "Songe du vieil pèlerin" of Philippe de Mézières (written in the fourteenth century), while proving that Vinland was known to the Greenlanders as late as the date of the "Songe," and that there may have been some small stations on the coast, hardly justify the assumption that there was a well established but secret Norse colony in Vinland as late as the thirteen-hundreds. Mr. Means has raised some very striking and provocative points in favor of his theory, but he has reared a large superstructure upon a somewhat scanty foundation. He is prone at times to draw conclusions not fully justified by the premises; an example of this sort of reasoning is his assertion that the mill of Peter Easton which preceded the Arnold mill was undoubtedly of the "scaffold type" (166). In this connection it is a pity that he does not discuss the traditional type of Rhode Island windmills, of which a number were still in use when this reviewer was a lad and several are still extant. His acceptance of "the Kensington Rune Stone" without much discussion is somewhat unwarranted. His frequent use of sarcasm, at times a little labored and generally impolite, against those with whom he happens to disagree might well have been replaced with sober reasoned logic.

The other view as to the origin of the "Tower," that of the "Arnoldists," as Mr. Means styles them, may be briefly stated. Governor Arnold's reference in his will, "my stone built wind mill," raises the presumption that he built the mill and did not convert a previously existing structure. The Chesterton building shows that such construction was known in England as early as 1632, and it may have been known to some of the people of Newport in 1675. If the "Tower" was in existence when Aquidneck was settled in 1638, it would have been unique in all New England; and it is unbelievable that it should have been entirely ignored in the writings of the intelligent and inquiring men whose pens were busy from the first settlement of the country.

Bradford, Morton, Wood, Lechford, and the Winthrops are entirely silent upon the subject; and in the next century neither Callender nor Bishop Berkeley, who lived in Newport in the first half of the eighteenth century, has a word to say about it. Neither Coddington nor John Clarke, among the first settlers of the island, makes any reference to it, although there is some loose talk by Lessing, totally unsupported by any evidence, that Coddington had been interested in it. But the most amazing thing is the silence of Roger Williams. Williams was a frequent visitor to the island from the beginning, and it is incredible that if the "Tower" were there when the English first came, his active and inquiring mind should not have been excited by it; and that he should have made no mention of it in his voluminous writings, especially in his many letters to his friend, the younger Winthrop, who as one of the early members of the Royal Society would have been interested in such a phenomenon. Coupled with this fact we have the common belief in Newport, which remained unchallenged until the third decade of the last century, that the building was Governor Arnold's windmill and nothing more. Mr. Means is quite aware of this, to the reviewer insurmountable, difficulty and is driven to the somewhat fantastic explanation that the Norsemen, when they abandoned the country, buried the church, which was not rediscovered until many years after the English settlement. His statement (98) that "if the tower were there before 1675 something must have prevented it from being seen" is a confession of the strength of this objection to his view. Furthermore, the evidence of Norse intercourse with Vinland after the eleventh century hardly justifies the assumption that there was a colony there of sufficient size to require a church.

Mr. Means has written the most elaborate, exhaustive, and scholarly treatise which has yet appeared upon the "Newport Tower." His discussion of round church architecture and mediaeval source material is especially to be commended. He is handicapped, however, by two things: first, the fact that he is not a historian in general and a Rhode Island one in particular; and second, his personal bias against the Puritans in England and New England, which sometimes affects his judgment in dealing with his facts and argument.

His statement (18) that the people of Rhode Island were inclined, like the Americans of today, "to let the government do it" is totally at variance with the rugged self-reliance of the founders of New England in general and of Rhode Island in particular. In spite of Mr. Means's doubts (104), Roger Williams, as can be fully proved, was a frequent visitor at Aquidneck. Owing to the close connection between Newport and Barbados in the seventeenth century, there was every reason for Governor Arnold to have been familiar with the windmill architecture of that island, which Mr. Means denies (249); and in all probability a man of Arnold's position would himself have visited the Barbados on a trading voyage. The author's belief that the people of Newport were actively engaged in Philip's War (181-182) is quite contrary to fact. With a Quaker government in the saddle and a safe geographical position, the island took little or no part in the war, to the disgust of the other colonies. Again we gather (180) that Philip's War was started by the English attack in December, 1675, on the Narragansett Fort. The war was begun the previous June by Philip's attack on Swansea, while the Narragansetts observed a sort of Rooseveltian neutrality. Mr. Means's admiration for the historical ability of Mrs. King van Rensaelaer (109) is somewhat misplaced. As the chronicler of the ostentatious but unsightly "cottages" erected by the *nouveaux riches* of the eighties and nineties of the last century, the author of *Newport Our Social Capital* is very effective; but as a writer upon early Rhode Island history she leaves much to be desired. The restoration of the hypothetical wording in which Governor Arnold should have referred to the mill in his will (24) is hardly what one familiar with seventeenth-century wills would expect to find. The actual reference to it is quite normal. Nicholas Easton did not come from Wales (163); he came from Lymington, Hertfordshire (Austin's *Genealogical Dictionary of Rhode Island*, 292). George Channing's "Early Recollections of Newport from 1783 to 1811" was undoubtedly written long after 1811 (44). The merriment over the royal descent of the Pelhams is unfortunate, since it happens to be quite authentic. The statement (224) that Frederick II "fl. 1244-1250" is misleading, in as much as the Emperor was born

in 1194 and had been playing a leading role upon the stage of European history ever since 1212.

The book is an able and scholarly presentation of the "Norse theory," the best so far written; and even if Mr. Means's arguments are not convincing, he must be congratulated for his great research into the subject, covering both European and American sources, and for the vivid and able manner in which he has presented his case, which is sure to give rise to a lively controversy.

G. ANDREWS MORIARTY.

Ogunquit, Maine.

Memories and Opinions. By Horace Dutton Taft. (New York: The Macmillan Company. 1942. Pp. 336. $3.00.)

To anyone who knows Horace Dutton Taft, his *Memories and Opinions* is a delight. I confess that I have read the book through three times with added pleasure at each perusal. It is a case where the book is the man, for in the writing you can see Horace Taft. The writing is simple, sincere, honest, without the slightest pretense, and you get the opinions of a man whose opinions are worth having.

As a headmaster myself, I found the story of the beginnings of the Taft School a fascinating part of the book. Perhaps it is true that no one is a real headmaster in this country until he has started his own school. The problems in that case are so many and so baffling that if the man survives, he is bound to be someone with particular power. This was true of Dr. Coit of St. Paul's, Dr. Meigs of the Hill School, and in more recent times of Dr. Boyden of Deerfield and Dr. St. John of Choate. Other instances could be given.

The story of the Taft School is a story of increasing power from the very first year. There seem to have been no down periods, although Mr. Taft intimates that during the first World War there was a time when the boys were more or less restless. This would apply, I think, to all schools during that period. The story of the beginnings is the most interesting part of the

story of the Taft School. When it got on its feet, it went along like most good schools, but one can gather from the story of the first five years exactly what the school was to become.

The book is divided into "Memories" and "Opinions," and while the memories make very stimulating reading, the opinions are more stimulating still. Mr. Taft, with his natural modesty, which shows itself throughout the book, gives credit to the old boys of the school for insisting that the opinions should be given. The two chapters of opinions which stand out are that on his brother, President William Howard Taft, and that on Theodore Roosevelt. Mr. Taft deals with absolute honesty with his brother, though he acknowledges that he may be somewhat prejudiced. The prejudice does not come out, however, in the chapter. It is a clear, very sincere appraisal of a man who in very difficult times and under severe provocation was balanced, courageous, and high-minded.

There are those who will criticize the chapter on Roosevelt. Of course any American except Washington, when compared with Lincoln, is bound to suffer; but Mr. Taft gives chapter and book about certain statements of the President, so that one is bound to feel that in certain instances Theodore Roosevelt was not truthful. Perhaps a quotation will put the comparison in its true light: "History will still give Theodore Roosevelt a great space for what he was and what he did, but it will not put him by the side of Abraham Lincoln."

Horace Taft has devoted more of his life to public questions than has any other headmaster in the country. The chapter on world organization is sound. He is from Missouri in regard to "Union Now," and he asks a number of pertinent questions in regard to it which are difficult to answer.

One of the good chapters, to me one of the best, is that called "More Prejudices," in which Mr. Taft shows that our diplomacy, while it has not always been high-minded, has usually been effective. His reference to Charles Francis Adams in the lonely post in London during the Civil War should be remembered. It was said of him, "Officially the British were quite correct but socially they tried to freeze Mr. Adams out. However, when it came to freezing, Mr. Adams had certain natural advantages."

Mr. Taft admits that he was wrong in thinking that prohibition could never be changed. During the time of prohibition his attitude was the correct one. Though he did not believe in the law, he faithfully lived up to it, and he went about the country preaching the necessity of obedience to law. Probably few men in America were more relieved when the law was changed.

Two more things about the book stand out; the highmindedness of the author, with a total lack of priggishness, and the fund of anecdotes which he has incorporated into the body of his story. Few books which have been published in the last twenty-five years contain so many humorous anecdotes. If it contained nothing else, the book would have been worth writing.

Mr. Taft was an idealist, or he never would have had the courage to start the Taft School. Through the ups and downs of a schoolmaster's life he has maintained that idealism, and his attitude is beautifully expressed in one of his sentences: "But the intangibles in this life are more precious than the tangibles; otherwise religion, character and ideals are meaningless."

LEWIS PERRY.

Phillips Exeter Academy.

Town & Davis, Architects: Pioneers in American Revivalist Architecture, 1812–1870. By Roger Hale Newton. (New York: Columbia University Press. 1942. Pp. xx, 334. $4.00.)

It is indeed refreshing to find a study of nineteenth-century American architecture which is as delightful as Mr. Roger Newton's book on the firm of Town and Davis. Meticulous though he is in searching out and checking the essential facts, Mr. Newton completely lacks those literary inhibitions which deaden much scholarly writing. The reader proceeds gaily from paragraph to paragraph, never knowing what will turn up next—a florid condemnation of post-colonial building, a purple description of a Gothic villa lifted from a Victorian romance, or the opinions of Queen Sophia of Greece on the present housing shortage in

Hellas. The fun of reading such a book is surpassed only by the fun which the author obviously had in writing it.

Mr. Newton's approach is unusual, even unique. To say that he presents his subjects sympathetically is an understatement worthy of the British Ministry of Information. He is completely carried away by his topic. He is carried away by it as only a writer can be who has totally submerged himself in the material he is writing about. Far from presenting the nineteenth century from a modern point of view, Mr. Newton plunges into the past and reincarnates the architectural philosophy of Victorian times. With that as his basis, he then criticizes the twentieth century. We are told that certain designs for a Gate House in the Rustic Cottage Style are the perfect model for "current housing of the inexpensive but not cheap variety... being entirely suitable for gentlefolk of small means." It is a shock to realize that this statement is not a quotation. It is not A. J. Davis' program for an ideal romantic suburb. It is Mr. Newton's considered critique of the housing policies of the New Deal.

Mr. Newton's approach has great advantages. A glance at other books dealing with this little known phase of American architecture reveals at once what an immense amount of information the author has patiently assembled and thoughtfully organized. His efforts have been seconded by Talbot Hamlin in many useful footnotes. But because Mr. Newton writes of Town, Davis, and their associates as if they were his own contemporaries, he is able to present this information pleasantly and clearly but unobtrusively. Never did a book wear its learning more lightly. It is, in fact, a monument of scholarly erudition, but it is disguised as a series of informal reminiscences, the sort of eulogy that might have been written by an intimate and devoted friend of the architects.

Unfortunately, the necessity of maintaining this pose involved Mr. Newton in several difficulties. At one point he makes a passing reference to "Town's biographers"; otherwise there is no mention of any of the other studies which deal with his subject, its separate phases, or the single buildings he takes up. From a scholarly point of view this is inexcusable. From a human point of view it is worse than that. Any book on Town and Davis must lean

heavily upon the splendid collection of Davis drawings now in the Metropolitan Museum. Considering the author's dependence on this material, it is downright ungracious that Mr. Newton makes no mention of Edna Donnell's pioneering publication of those drawings in her beautifully illustrated and most useful article, "A. J. Davis and the Gothic Revival" (*Metropolitan Museum Studies*, V, 1936). Indeed, Mr. Newton has made many unnecessary sacrifices in the interest of readability. The amateur pose is carried altogether too far. There are no references in the text to the illustrations at the back of the book. On several occasions the author discusses at length important drawings which he does not reproduce, and that without telling the reader where those drawings are preserved, whether the monuments in question still exist, or even if they were ever built. Elsewhere there are unexplained discrepancies between his descriptions of buildings as constructed and the projects for those buildings which he reproduces. Finally, Mr. Newton has done himself an injustice by making several sloppy though trivial mistakes when dealing with well-known structures. People who do not know the field will naturally suspect the accuracy of Mr. Newton's statements on Town and Davis when they find him "pulling boners" such as attributing the Coliseum to Hadrian and the Bibliotheque Ste. Geneviève to Lefuel, or talking about German baroque *Hallenkirchen* "unobstructed by pillars." The suspicion is in fact groundless, but Mr. Newton has brought it fairly upon himself.

The presentation of the facts concerning Ithiel Town and Alexander Jackson Davis is but a small part of Mr. Newton's self-appointed task. Persuaded that they were great artists, his principal object is to make people aware once more of their ability and their importance. This he proposes to do first by establishing the leadership of his subjects within the Revivalist movement, and second by convincing his readers of the value of this movement itself. These attempts are only partially successful.

As yet, too little is known about the predecessors and contemporaries of Town and Davis for anyone to dogmatize about the relative importance of separate persons. In one of the most

original chapters in his book, Mr. Newton has demonstrated the important part which Town and Davis played in introducing the Italian Villa style to this country. Yet the author is certainly unfair to Latrobe and to Strickland when he says that Town was "the actual parent" of the Greek Revival in America. He is also wrong when he calls Town the father of the Gothic Revival in this country, although the firm's importance for this style was even greater than Mr. Newton discloses. Indeed, the whole question of priority is entirely too much emphasized. Architectural theorists of the nineteenth century were wont to compare the various historical styles to the different European languages. What distinguished Town and Davis was the fluency, charm, and originality of their Greek, Gothic, and Italian. It is quite unimportant whether or not they were the first American architects to study these languages.

The most conspicuous part of Mr. Newton's book is his prolonged and repeated attempt to show that "the surge of building from 1830 to 1860 produced the only native type of architectural design that this country has ever witnessed." Momentarily he succeeds. The intensity of the author's convictions and the splendid enthusiasm with which he propounds them bowl the reader over. For an instant one is almost ready to accept his dismissal of "such reactionaries as Richardson and Louis Sullivan." For a moment one is almost prepared to jettison with him the International Style. But only for a moment. Mr. Newton does not understand American architecture before 1830 or after 1860 nearly so profoundly as he comprehends his chosen period. He condemns post-colonial building and the architectural *pot-pourri* of the 1870's picturesquely, but the condemnation is not wholly convincing. He does not analyze in sufficient detail the problems facing the architects of the young republic or the designers of the Reconstruction period. Hence he fails to make clear why building during those years assumed the character it did. One is left wondering why the architecture of Revivalism did not come sooner, if it was all that Mr. Newton claims it to have been, or why it was ever abandoned, if it was such a perfect answer to our problems. Since Mr. Newton does not answer these questions,

one ends by rejecting his favorable appraisal of Revivalism; one returns at last to a more conventional but less problematic estimate of its character.

Yet, if Mr. Newton has failed to establish his whole point of view, his book represents none the less an exceedingly important contribution to the history of American architecture. One cannot admit that the solution for our present architectural chaos is "a return to the principles of the Revivalist movement—Greek, Gothic, and Tuscan." On the other hand, Mr. Newton's rich and charming book has established beyond doubt that Ithiel Town and Alexander Jackson Davis were perhaps the most interesting, and were certainly the most representative, American architects in the period between Latrobe and Richardson.

JOHN COOLIDGE.

Princeton.

The Story of American Catholicism. By Theodore Maynard. (New York: The Macmillan Company. 1941. Pp. xviii, 694. $3.50.)

This "story" is perhaps of greater significance as propaganda than as history. Not that its nervous, colorful style of expression is out of place in scientific historical writing; nor that its employment of principally secondary sources deprives it of value as a survey. Rather, its evident bias against everything characteristically Protestant or radically American and in favor of everything that contributes to the success of the apostolic mission of the Roman Catholic Church "to win America for Christ," its tortuous—though transparent—argument, its emotionally loaded epithets, its multitude of undocumented and dubious assertions, its lack of proportion in distribution of materials, its slighting or perversion—if not neglect—of significant political, social, and cultural factors, make it the sort of book that is both intriguing and exasperating, the sort that is a delight to the irresponsible searcher for thrills and "digs" and an abomination to any lover of Clio or of truth whatever its source and whithersoever it may lead.

Dr. Maynard is anxious to show that there is a "distinctively

American Catholicism," and he bases this view upon the claim that Lord Baltimore's Catholic settlers in religiously tolerant Maryland "were American from the beginning," that scholastic—though admittedly unorthodox—"democratic" theory was one of the sources of the Revolutionary ideology (for "without being aware of it, the leaders of the Revolution might almost be called scholastics themselves"), and that Catholic "mystical dogma" holds "that all men are essentially equal *in the sight of God*" (italics mine). For these and similarly weighty reasons, the Roman Church is viewed as "the natural upholder of American institutions" (excepting, of course, such minor aberrations as the American system of public schools and the American tradition of the separation of church and state!).

Accordingly, we are informed that "the story told in these pages should make . . .untenable" the view that "Americanism is basically Protestant and that only Protestantism is truly American." As part of the supporting evidence for his thesis the author reveals that, in contrast to Catholics, the Puritans—who were "sour-faced saints" and "bigots"—"became Americans only by slow degrees"; their Calvinism (says this medievalist) is now "antiquated" and Puritanism "strikes us today as a historical aberration"; John Endicott was "a bigoted fool"; Roger Williams was an apostle of religious bigotry and his tolerance is "largely a myth"; a "negative Catholic cause" of the Revolution was the resentment of "Protestant bigots" to the Quebec Act's extension of religious liberty to Britain's newly acquired possessions in Canada (the author does not explicate the true idea that the Act threatened also to extend political absolutism); Methodists and Baptists are spoken of as "rabble-rousers"; the typical Protestant chaplain in the World War was "a superior sort of entertainer" (hence, "there was not much point" in his "putting his skin in danger"); "venereal disorders" were found to be less prevalent among Catholic soldiers in the World War than in "other groups."

But the author is not content merely to "prove" that Americanism is not basically Protestant. He wishes also that Roman Catholics (who, it will be remembered, "were Americans from the beginning") would have the courage to purify Americanism of its dross. Since "Protestantism is now so doctrinally decayed as to be

incapable of offering any serious opposition, . . . Catholicism could cut through Protestantism as through so much butter." In short, "the time is ripe for a momentous Catholic effort in the United States."

Yet, even though the book is patently designed for propaganda purposes, it does provide a great deal of material hitherto unavailable in convenient form. Moreover, no one of Dr. Maynard's standing and brilliance as a writer could produce a book tracing American Catholic history from Leif Ericson and Christopher Columbus down to Jacques Maritain and Father Coughlin without presenting a vast amount of fascinating chronicle and provocative interpretation, or for that matter without bringing any patient and cautious reader into his debt. But these "virtues" are scarcely sufficient to justify the publisher's recommendation of the "story" as "a splendid textbook for schools and colleges."

The volume contains an unevaluated bibliography and a poor index; it contains also a list of the archdiocesan and diocesan sees in the United States and their occupants from the beginning (prepared by Fathers Robert McNamara and Florence D. Cohalan). The author tells us that Mr. Van Wyck Brooks, among others, was consulted during the preparation of the manuscript. The book bears the archiepiscopal *imprimatur*.

JAMES LUTHER ADAMS.

The Meadville Theological School.

Biographical Sketches of Those Who Attended Harvard College in the Classes 1713–1721, with Bibliographical and other Notes. By Clifford K. Shipton. *Sibley's Harvard Graduates*, VI. (Boston: Massachusetts Historical Society. 1942. Pp. xii, 641. $5.00.)

The third volume by Dr. Shipton in the Sibley series continues the tradition of compact but substantial biographies of those attending Harvard College in the early eighteenth century. A few of the names are generally known: Stephen Williams, the boy captive of Old Deerfield; Benning (Don Granada) Wentworth, the political pioneer of northern New England; Charles Chauncy, minister, intermittent theologian, and patriot. Most of the sub-

jects, however, did not leave a conspicuous mark on general history but were more or less conscientious laborers in their local spheres, now of interest principally to their descendants and the descendants of their townsmen.

A large majority of the graduates were clergymen, of various shades of thought, but on the whole liberal and furthering the transition from the severity of early Puritan thought. Most of them welcomed Whitefield and the leaders of the Awakening though they deplored its excesses. There is a notable increase in lawyers. The merchants range from a few like Hugh Hall who combined expressions of piety with practical skulduggery, to those, like Thomas Hubbard, who were upright as well as prosperous. There are fewer professional pioneers, though the men of these classes probably carried on the bulk of the public affairs of northern New England and Massachusetts and even moved southward ("His daughters married Yale men," says one sketch).

The lives of these graduates do not challenge a biographer's style as those of more distinguished men might, though they must often call for more work and more ingenuity in the compiling. Consequently these sketches are perhaps less adapted for general reading than those of the preceding volume. Their appeal is still further limited by the necessity for economizing space as the classes increase in numbers and surviving data grows more voluminous. Dr. Shipton has evolved a model of economy in the articulation of the sketches and the references to further available material. Although a reader may find his curiosity piqued rather than satisfied by an allusion to some episode, a serious investigator will find the sketch a labor-saving guide to the complete story, published or unpublished. Among the more satisfying sketches as they stand are those of Theodore Atkinson, pioneer of New Hampshire; Nathan Prince, Harvard tutor; Solomon Williams, minister of Lebanon, Connecticut; Thomas Smith, minister of Falmouth (Portland), Maine; Charles Chauncy; Ebenezer Parkman, minister of Westborough, an "average minister" whose life is fully preserved in voluminous diaries; Oliver Peabody, minister to the Indians at Natick; Chief Justice Stephen Sewell; and Ebenezer Turrell, minister of Medford.

Dr. Shipton corrects numerous dates and family relationships

as they have been given by tombstones, *Quinquennials,* and genealogies, and fills out bibliographies. He brings us again face to face with the actual life of New England in the middle of the eighteenth century, seen from the perspective of those who lived it. We hope that eventually his accumulated lore, supplemented by bits about non-Harvard men, will become the basis of a synthesis of the period.

PORTER G. PERRIN.

Colgate University.

Northern Editorials on Secession. Edited by Howard Cecil Perkins. (New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 1942. Pp. 1107. Two volumes. $10.00.)

In these two massive volumes, published for the American Historical Association by the Beveridge Memorial Fund, Dr. Perkins has reprinted 495 editorials, culled from 190 newspapers, after an examination of some 800 papers, scattered among 140 libraries and newspaper offices in all the free states and representing all political parties, for the crucial period from September, 1860, to June, 1861, when the nation moved rapidly into the crisis over secession, and from peace to war. A historical introduction, a general index, and a geographical newspaper index, with the names of editors or publishers, complete this huge task of collecting, editing, and classifying of material for which all scholars in the field will be grateful and greatly indebted. Written in the era of personal journalism, these editorials have been selected from urban and rural areas, and represent various shades of political, economic, and religious opinion. They are roughly apportioned among the states in the ratio of population, and among the political parties in the ratio of the popular vote of 1860.

It is impossible, within the limitations of any review, to do justice to such a valuable collection of source material. Perhaps because this appraisal is written for a New England journal, it may be justifiable to confine these comments to the editorials

selected from this section. Massachusetts and Rhode Island had so many good papers that these states are proportionally somewhat over-represented. Editors like Samuel Bowles, George Lunt, James Hawley, and Charles Gordon Greene had national reputations in their day. Forty-four New England papers have been cited, the majority Republican. But there were also, in Boston and elsewhere in New England, notable journals devoted to Bell, Breckinridge, and Douglas. The Concord, New Hampshire, *Democratic Standard* actually championed slavery; the Boston *Herald,* though a Douglas paper, approved coercion of the South, and the Boston *Courier,* a Bell paper, reputed to have many Harvard readers, persisted in its pleas for peace, even after Fort Sumter.

The New England Lincoln press, as a whole, denied the right of secession, but some believed that secession was only a threat, and that Lincoln would not invade the sovereign rights of a state, even if it appealed to the "primal right of revolution." Some, including the Springfield *Republican* and the Hartford *Courant,* originally favored either compromise or peaceful separation, by national convention or otherwise, and abhorred war. The Augusta *Kennebec Journal* actually proposed that the government buy the "territory" of South Carolina and remove its inhabitants, as the Indians had been removed to the West, reopen the area for settlement under the Homestead Act, and thus remove forever the source of most of the South's disloyal sentiments. A minority of Republican editors admitted that the war was caused by "mad fanatics of the North" as well as by "mad disunionists of the South." The Boston *Daily Advertiser* as late as February 20, 1861, paid rather high tribute to Jefferson Davis' ability and sincere desire for peace; and the Portland *Daily Advertiser* published a laudatory editorial about Douglas at the time of his death. After Fort Sumter, the tone changed quickly; the emphasis was placed on winning the war, and the Springfield *Republican* welcomed the appeal to arms as "a means of grace" for the American people.

The New England journalists who supported Stephen A. Douglas usually denied the right of secession and denounced the Republican "hatred of the South," "anti-slavery fanatics," and

"negro philanthropists," although the Providence *Daily Post* early admitted that it was the duty of the federal government to crush secession and rebellion. Although many Douglas papers continued to describe the war as "an egregious mistake" and a "negro crusade," they generally agreed, when the fighting actually began, that every man must do his duty to preserve the Union. Although the Douglas press was generally unfriendly to Buchanan, the Providence *Daily Post* conceded that the retiring president had handled most foreign and domestic problems well, save for the factional quarrel with Douglas which had insured Lincoln's election.

The Breckinridge faction was eloquently supported in New England by the Boston *Post*, the Concord *Democratic Standard*, the Hartford *Daily Times*, and several other papers. They attacked the Republicans as the "brood of unthinking religious and political fanatics" who had provoked a wicked and unjustifiable sectional controversy. The Concord editor described the Negro as a "parasite man," forever inferior to the whites; and the Newport *Advertiser* advocated keeping him in his present state for his own good. The Breckinridge editors favored conciliation and peaceful negotiation in order to avert civil war. When war came, the Boston *Post* agreed that it must be supported, though the Concord *Democratic Standard*, as late as May 4, 1861, still discussed the possibilities of a peaceful separation.

The Boston *Courier* was the leading Bell paper in New England. Its editor clung to the idea of reconciliation, attacked both North and South for quarrelling over a purely theoretical issue, since slavery had already reached its natural limits, and denounced building "mulatto Utahs in the Territories." The *Courier* prophesied that Massachusetts would have to foot most of the bills and suffer most of the losses, if war came. "Massachusetts was not dry-nursed into a State," commented the indignant editor. "Homestead bills and land grants to railroads were not the pap that warmed her into maturity." As late as June 29, 1861, the *Courier* insisted that the nation had gone to war "for an abstraction."

These brief comments will give the reader some notion of the

division of opinion in New England and of the drift of newspaper opinion as the nation moved, in its bewilderment, from peace to war. Editorials reprinted from other sections of the North are of equal or greater significance. Dr. Perkins deserves high praise for completing a tremendous task in such competent fashion.

CARL WITTKE.

Oberlin College.

Voyages of the "Columbia" to the Northwest Coast, 1787–1790 and 1790–1793. Edited by Frederic W. Howay. *Collections* of the Massachusetts Historical Society, Volume 79. (Boston: Massachusetts Historical Society. 1941. Pp. xxvii, 518. $4.00.)

Over twenty years ago, when the reviewer was working on the maritime history of Massachusetts, he launched the project of publishing in one volume all the extant logs and other data on the two voyages of the famous ship *Columbia* around the world. After sundry vicissitudes, Judge Howay of Vancouver, whose knowledge of Northwest Coast history and topography exceeds that of any other man living, was persuaded to undertake the colossal task of editing and annotating these documents. This he has admirably performed. So at last, between two covers, we have practically everything that is known about these two voyages which opened up new horizons to the seamen of New England. No longer will writers have to depend on old magazine articles and secondary works for knowledge of an enterprise which reflects glory on the Yankee merchant and seafarer. And let it be remembered that the *Columbia's* first voyage was organized in the depth of a post-war depression, the so-called "Critical Period."

The first, and on the whole the most interesting, document in this collection is the Journal of the first voyage by the *Columbia's* nineteen-year-old third mate, Robert Haswell. He transferred to her consort, the sloop *Washington,* at the Falkland Islands. Haswell not only writes a good seamanlike journal but gives an extended account of the manners and customs of the

natives of Vancouver Island and a vocabulary of their language. His Journal, here printed in full for the first time, is privately owned but is on deposit at the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society, which owns a volume of miscellaneous papers on both voyages. Selections from these, together with documents from other sources on the economic and diplomatic aspects of the first voyage, form the next section of the volume, and a similar collection of miscellaneous papers on the second voyage comes at the end.

The second voyage of the *Columbia*, in the course of which the river that bears her name was discovered, is better recorded than the first. John Hoskins, twenty-two-year old supercargo, wrote a detailed narrative that covers 130 printed pages. The manuscript, owned by the Society, has already been printed before, but its inclusion in the present volume was entirely proper. Haswell wrote a narrative of this voyage as well, which is printed after Hoskins's. But the most interesting of all is the document entitled "Remarks" on the Columbia's second voyage, by her fifth mate, John Boit, who passed his sixteenth birthday at sea just after the voyage began. Young Boit had a better hand at writing than the other youngsters, and he covered the entire voyage, including the passage home by way of Canton and the Cape, as they did not. This narrative was given to the Society by the writer's descendant, Robert Apthorp Boit, together with an endowment from which the expenses of publication have been met. No more appropriate expression of ancestral piety could have been made.

SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON.

U.S.N.R.

All My Born Days: Experiences of a Naval Intelligence Officer in Europe. By John A. Gade. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1942. Pp. xiv, 408. $3.50.)

In the spring of 1865 a young Norwegian diplomat, while crossing one of the bridges in Venice, was so struck with the beauty of a lady that he reversed his steps and followed her to

her hotel. A generous tip to the porter revealed that the lady was Mrs. Rufus Bradford Allyne, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, traveling with her two daughters. Before long the young diplomat and the elder daughter were married and became the parents of the author of this delightful volume of reminiscences.

Though born in Cambridge, "Jack" Gade passed most of his boyhood in the old Gade manor house in Norway. After some months at a German gymnasium in Brunswick, he returned to his birthplace and was graduated from Harvard in 1896. After studying and teaching architecture at the University, he practised his profession in New York until the World War, when "I found it galling to remain quietly at my drawing board." So he joined Hoover's Commission for Relief in Belgium, and in 1917 was appointed United States Naval Attaché in Norway and Denmark.

During the next twenty-three years, except for an interlude as an international banker, Mr. Gade served as United States Naval Intelligence Officer or on special missions to all the Baltic lands, as well as in Belgium and Portugal. Everywhere his tact, humor, acquaintance with languages, and international background won a wide circle of influential friends, of whom he gives interesting accounts. He evidently kept a full diary, which is the basis of his book.

Besides the light touch with which he pictures a German blonde who tried to blackmail him, a beautiful guest who disguised herself as a waitress and nearly broke up one of his stag parties, and the tribulations of pregnant cooks and destitute grand duchesses, he has much to say of more serious diplomatic matters. In Norway he had to discover and report German submarines passing from the Baltic into the North Sea. In Finland he collected data to persuade the Paris Peace Conference to recognize Finnish independence; in Paris he was in despair at the muddled turmoil at the Hotel Crillon, where he could not see President Wilson, who was ill, until Sir Esme Howard and Lord Balfour undertook to see that the Finnish case was successfully presented. Later, in Portugal, he noted the efficiency with which German diplomatic and secret agents were building up influence for the Hitler regime.

What he has to say about Belgium will be of most interest

to the historian. Brussels was the post of his longest assignments and deepest attachments. Here he was on close friendly terms with the royal family and all the leading diplomats. He saw the growing Nazi menace and in 1938 tried to persuade King Leopold to enter into closer defensive arrangements with England and France, but the king preferred to trust in strict neutrality. He gives a vivid description of the heart-rending days of German invasion and occupation from May 10, 1940, when he was awakened by German bombers and crashing buildings, until July 9, when the Germans closed the American Embassy and sent its staff home by way of Switzerland. His details of the surrender of the Belgian army, which he heard from the king's own lips, rightly absolve Leopold from the unjust accusations leveled against him by Reynaud and even by his own minister, Pierlot.

These intimate sketches of democratic life in Norway, of Harvard and New York, and of European capitals during the generation now closing have real charm. Mr. Gade tells a story well, has a kindly generous spirit, even when speaking of Germans, and presents the glamorous rather than the seamy side of diplomatic life.

SIDNEY B. FAY.

Cambridge.

State Supervision of Local Government: Its Development in Massachusetts. By Dale Pontius. Foreword by Leverett Saltonstall. (Washington: American Council on Public Affairs. 1942. Pp. xi, 165. Cloth, $3.25; paper, $2.75.)

In Massachusetts the notion that the state should communicate competence and restraint to its corporate offspring has undergone practical application for at least a century. Some phases of this experience have been minutely examined. Dr. Pontius has now reviewed the whole subject in a straightforward account which rests solidly upon official records, although the author's personal observations and comparative study are also inscribed upon his useful and instructive volume.

Massachusetts has had rather more than its share of pioneers

in those subjects of government which give substance and security to democratic living. State supervision of local government in the Commonwealth developed as an effort to carry their good works to the cities and towns. Judging by Dr. Pontius, this was done pervasively through such means as were at hand. There was some bribery and equalization in the form of financial grants—but not a great deal; there was some coercion through statute law—but less than might be expected; and there was a considerable amount of shrewdly conducted persuasion.

As a result, Dr. Pontius has discovered a wide variety of controls, which runs the "scale of state supervision" and which can only be understood by its origins. To be sure, state supervision would have gone further and assumed a more dogmatic cast if State House enthusiasts had their way completely; but local prerogative (and selfishness) provided a counterbalance, and doubtless the author would concede that within limits this was just as well.

At the outset the most important extension of state control occurred in public education, health, and welfare—all of which reflect a certain absorption in uplift and enlightenment. Prudence in money matters and fear of debt led to a widely admired plan of state control of local finances. Massachusetts' zeal for civil service reform did not halt with the state government, and its assumed advantages were imposed upon the larger localities from the start. The Commonwealth was first among the states to intervene in local highway administration.

The last stormy decade and the tests of the present, however, have shifted some of the emphasis from elevating and broadening services of local government. As the author points out, Massachusetts has already acted as receiver in bankruptcy for a few communities. It has had to bolster the finances of many other cities and towns, and the current outlook points to more decisive financial intervention. There is also the Federal government with its hard-riding bureaus, which tend more and more to use states as mere agents. Massachusetts has already discovered how uncomfortable it is to be employed as an instrument for enforcing Federal policy upon bewildered localities.

In short, the system of accommodation described by Dr. Pontius

will be put to severe trials. The wholesome balance of authority outlined in his pages and endorsed in the introduction which Governor Leverett Saltonstall has written may survive incipient strains and again it may not.

RICHARD A. ATKINS.

Boston.

Down to the Sea in Maine. Photographs and foreword by A. C. Shelton. With an introduction by Robert P. Tristram Coffin. (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1942. Pp. 116. $3.50.)

Professor Coffin describes Maine with a boyish exuberance. He calls it "The Diamond Coast," its people "Diamond People." His Maine sunshine dazzles, his fog, rain, hail, snow, and sleet are stage effects. He searches for a single word that will say all, and produces *enamel.* Unsatisfied, rightly, he adds *high-up-ness* and *up-and-down-ness* and *rock-candy.* To New Englanders this prattle is understandable and engaging, but it may bewilder if not repel strangers. Certainly more appropriate ways could be found to portray a region of dignity as well as surface charm, and people noted for restraint.

One such follows here, in the photographs by Mr. A. C. Shelton, a California-born scientist. Neither artful nor artless, these pictures are merely accurate, varied, and discriminating. Content with only a few set pieces, such as doorways and spires, Mr. Shelton offers the panorama, and very nearly the almanac, of the coast itself: deep moonlit snow, fog in the spruces, southwest haze, ice on rigging, clear spring sunlight, hot glare; surf exploding, the suck of tide past wet black ledges, a smother of gulls, the thrifty litter of foreshore, mud flats, cribs and pilings of homemade wharfs; boats from skiffs to schooners, flowers and trees and people. Nothing looks posed; everything seems as it would if the camera were not watching. Mr. Shelton knows what is important: his rocks and hands are symbolic. Perhaps the best picture (74) is of a young lobsterman overhauling his gear in the spring. In a warm corner of his cove he is painting buoys, having set a box on a capsized trap to bring the work to a convenient

height. His gloved left hand holds the buoy, his bare right is taking just the needed amount of paint on the brush. Freshly painted buoys glisten in the foreground; those yet to be done are waiting within reach. All afternoon he will work there without a lost motion, without making a sound or taking more than two steps. The winter-faded "Lobsters for Sale" on his shed, the May woods beyond, slack water and thin sunlight, frame him as he works, unhurried, scrupulous, meditative—no diamond, a man worth mention. Indeed, all the people are unfailingly right, whether distant anonymous figures digging clams, fishing off the rocks, or puttering around their boats, or close studies like that of an old rigger (59), another lobsterman (47) with canted pipe, and a French Canadian (102). One wishes only that Mr. Shelton had found his way into kitchens and front rooms, and recorded women. But within the terms of his high standard of naturalness that would have been difficult. As it is, one suspects that the wife of the rigger noted above has made him put on his "good" coat.

Not the least interesting or valuable part of this book is the artist's own foreword, in which his curious eye and direct prose have called attention to some details of Maine life that even those long acquainted with the coast may not know.

K. P. KEMPTON.

Newtonville, Massachusetts.

There Will Be Bread and Love. By Robert P. Tristram Coffin. (New York: The Macmillan Company. 1942. Pp. 98. $2.00.)

A Witness Tree. By Robert Frost. (New York: Henry Holt and Company. 1942. Pp. 91. $2.00.)

These two most recent books of two of our best known contemporary American poets, both New Englanders by ancestry and residence, writing in and about a rural New England environment, are in sharp contrast—perhaps a reminder that New England had a frontier as recently as regions far to the west, that her lumberjacks and bucko-mates were flamboyant as the Mike Finks and Paul Bunyans of the Mississippi Valley, and that

woodsmen's ballads and sea chanteys, as well as Emerson and Dickinson, can be the prototypes of contemporary New England verse.

But despite Mr. Coffin's warmth, color, and lustiness, the occasional over-richness of his metaphors too often combines with the monotony of his rhymed couplets to produce a rather cloying effect. His metaphorical facility sometimes betrays him into such unconsciously comic comparisons as: "The peas fall in the pan with tender sound, / Only last night the first man's arms went round / Her slender waist resilient as the peas . . . ." There is sometimes, too, an awkward stumble in the rhythm. Perhaps the understandable avidity of the magazines explains his failure to produce more consistently poems as fine on the whole as "Setting Hen" and "The Name."

Whereas Mr. Coffin aims at the pictorial, Mr. Frost, working in essentially the same material, is philosophical—compare "The First Christmas Tree" with "To a Young Wretch"; and "Buck, Boy, and Trout" with "The Most Of It"—and yet can be powerfully descriptive:

> As a great buck it powerfully appeared,
> Pushing the crumpled water up ahead,
> And landed pouring like a waterfall,
> And stumbled through the rocks with horny tread,
> And forced the underbrush—and that was all.

The child, "cheek smeared with apple sand," in "Not of School Age," is more real than the "Five Bare Boys" who "blare like horns, / Sharp and beautiful as thorns / . . .drown the bird out, rankle white, / Five slender barbs of appetite."

Mr. Frost's definitely "political poetry" says less to us for this hour than

> Far in the pillared dark
> Thrush music went—
> Almost like a call to come in
> To the dark and lament.
>
> But no, I was out for stars:
> I would not come in.
> I meant not even if asked,
> And I hadn't been.

The other's comparable message is that "when our wars / Are over, or within them, if they last: / . . . . There will be bread and love." Over-optimistic, perhaps, but Mr. Coffin's poems display a contagious passion for the elemental things which protean war endangers.

Both books, different as they are, will, I think, ultimately wear well—like old New England houses with low-sweeping roofs, like homespun woolens; readers will return to one or the other, in varying moods, and find strength and comfort.

KENNETH PORTER.

Vassar College.

Steamboat Lore of the Penobscot. By John M. Richardson. (Augusta, Maine: Kennebec Journal Print Shop. 1941. Pp.141. $3.50.)

This genealogical account of the Penobscot steamboats preserves for the future a colorful chapter in Maine's maritime history. The book contains over 150 photographs, supplemented by a statistical text which considers the subject vessel by vessel. Though numerous, the photographic reproductions are not uniformly good. The jacket is adorned with two of the best. Index and bibliography are lacking, but there is a brief table of contents and a complete list of illustrations.

While Mr. Richardson has made, for the most part, a book of "facts and photographs," his enthusiasm for these unbeautiful craft is contagious. Having spent much time aboard the steamboats, he knows "the religion that is salt water; the glory that lies in the beat of propellor, the sweetness of swirling steam, the echoing scream of a whistle over glassy, dawn-touched waters and the pungent virile bite of soft coal smoke in [his] nostrils which lifts [his] pulses with the desire to go places and do things, whether it comes from the stubby throat of a locomotive or the towering stack of a steamboat" (114).

There are stories of steamboat wars and hints of intentional collisions. There are biographical sketches of steamboat captains.

There is Maggie Higgins, for forty-four years beloved stewardess on the Eastern S. S. Lines. There is the development from side-wheel to propellor, from wood to steel. There is the gradual overcoming of the reluctance of old-timers to take passage in steamships without auxiliary sail. There is the *Rockland* weathering 168 shots as she runs the gauntlet of shore batteries on the James River in 1861. And of course there is the story of the *Portland* and of many lesser disasters.

But there are also views of steamships which incidentally show various types of seaworthy sailing craft. I found myself becoming homesick for the clean, quiet ease and grace of sail. Captain A. E. Rawley, master of the *Belfast*, preferred steam to sail, though he confessed that there were occasions in his career when he came near to going back. But as man became the creature of scheduled timetables, the Penobscot steamers helped to supply the demand of passenger traffic as sail succumbed to steam.

WILLIAM G. SALTONSTALL.

Phillips Exeter Academy.

Music Comes to America. By David Ewen. (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 1942. Pp. 319. $3.00.)

This book attempts to trace the growth of musical activity and interest in this country from about 1850 to the present, chiefly describing and celebrating the phenomenal size and rapidity of this growth during the last two decades. While Mr. Ewen shows genuine enthusiasm for the progress of music and has gathered much interesting material, his book is plainly written for popular consumption and cannot be considered as an authoritative and scholarly piece of work. Its size is too small to permit discussion of all the important phases of our musical history, unless certain portions of the book in its present form were greatly condensed.

The catchy title, "Music Comes to America," is characteristic of many inaccurate statements and snap judgments which follow in the text. It takes no account of the existence of our native folk music, such as *The Folk Songs of Old New England*, collected

by Eloise Linscott, or of any early American composers, such as Francis Hopkinson (1737-1791) or the Boston tanner, William Billings, and his *Fuguing Pieces* of the year 1770.

The quotation of a ridiculous remark made by the Russian singer Chaliapin in 1908 opens the book: "I pity Americans because they have no light, no song in their lives. They are but children in everything pertaining to art." By 1908 the Boston Symphony Orchestra had been playing for twenty-seven years and was famous as one of the great orchestras of the world. This and many other facts noted in Mr. Ewen's own narrative prove the falseness of Chaliapin's remark, but the harm of the original quotation has already been done, especially for those who read only the first few chapters.

Mr. Ewen recounts many amusing anecdotes to show the general musical ignorance in the United States in the mid-nineteenth century, such as the story of Anton Rubinstein in Memphis, Tennessee, when he was advised by a stage assistant, a few minutes before the concert, to hurry and blacken his face for the "show." While it is obvious that the intelligent musical public of those days was extremely small, it is a distortion of the truth for Mr. Ewen to say, "Up to the closing decades of the nineteenth century Americans regarded concerts as but another form of popular entertainment in the class, say, of the minstrel show, the prize fight, and the circus." Many of us in childhood have heard our elders describe Rubinstein's playing as among the great experiences of their lives.

The book gives a good idea of the history of concerts, operas, the phonograph, and the radio; but the progress of musical education is touched upon in little more than passing allusions and leaves us in the dark as to the building up of music departments in colleges and universities with their courses in music history and appreciation as well as in the technique of composition. Moreover, refugee composers and musicologists would have come to America in vain if we had not had established institutions in which to offer them positions and an understanding reception.

American scholars and critics are given no systematic discussion in this book, and several important ones not even mentioned,

notably Alexander W. Thayer, born in South Natick in 1817, who in 1849 began research for his *Life of Beethoven*, which is still the standard authority on that subject in Europe as well as in America.

In addition to anecdotes and character sketches there are many lists of names and figures, but the lists are not ordered and complete, and the statistics lack the exactness which is the only thing that can make them endurable. Conspicuous among the omitted contemporary composers are Edward Burlingame Hill and Roger Sessions. Some of the mistakes in statistics may be due to faulty proofreading, as when we are told that ten million discs of serious music were sold in 1921 and then later that in the enlightened year 1941 almost ten million discs of serious music were sold.

The frustrations and delays which music and musicians still suffer because of financial problems are vividly presented by Mr. Ewen, who comes to this conclusion: "Government sponsorship of music is a sadly needed development if America is to expand musically to its fullest potentialities."

EDWARD BALLANTINE.

Harvard University.

The Coming of the Civil War. By Avery Craven. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1942. Pp. ix, 491. $3.75.)

The role of the "revisionist" is always difficult. Sharp criticism is usually directed at anyone who advances new interpretations and conclusions. Mr. Craven rejects the older "orthodox" Northern interpretation that the Civil War was the result of mere political and constitutional differences. He finds inadequate the later explanation that the war was a clash between an industrial North and an agrarian South.

This book develops the thesis that the Civil War was largely the result of psychological and emotional factors which changed a "repressible conflict" into an irrepressible one. Far from denying that sectionalism was important, the author takes up where other writers end. Realizing that sectional conflict has long been a part

of normal American political and economic life, Mr. Craven reveals how normal sectional trends were turned into channels of hatred and fear, producing mutual distrust.

The first part of the book presents a clear analysis of the rise of the great sections: the Northeast, the Old South, the Northwest, and the Southwest. Even these sections at times broke down into smaller ones, sometimes supporting, sometimes opposing the interests of the larger. In New England the rise of industry and banking, the shifting of population to urban centers, and the accompanying revolution in agriculture wrought far-reaching changes. Violent protest against existing conditions, reform movements for social and economic betterment, and labor and agrarian attacks against the wealthy industrialist reveal the deep-seated transformation under way.

In his treatment of the Old South and the rise of the "Cotton Kingdom," Mr. Craven places the institution of slavery in its proper position. It is Negro slavery, with the characteristics of the peculiar Southern pattern, and not slavery in general. The anti-slavery attack and the pro-slavery defense are shown in their relation to both reform movements and the practical economic needs of the sections.

The second part of the book deals with the several crises emerging during the years from the "Wilmot Proviso" to Fort Sumter. It is in this period that the author shows the impact of exaggeration, misrepresentation, and emotionalism upon the "repressible conflict." Propaganda techniques, editorial fervor, and the resultant distortion of issues blinded men to compromise and peace. The normal give-and-take between sections and classes became a clash between divergent cultures. There is no doubt that Mr. Craven has studied public opinion during those years more thoroughly than any other American historian. The student of mass psychology and those interested in the question of why people go to war will find valuable material and suggestions in this analysis.

The growing importance of the Northwest in the developing struggle, the opportunism of political leadership, and sectional reactions to events are traced clearly and objectively. If some may criticise the approach as written from the Southern angle, Mr.

Craven justifies it as necessary, since the South was on the defensive. In any event, the study shifts from section to section and thence to the national scene.

From the reviewer's own research on public sentiment in the Northwest with particular reference to newspapers and editors, he is inclined to agree with the concluding paragraph of the book, that "The distortions and hatreds of the years had flowered in open battle. The irrepressible conflict of the politician had been reduced to the struggle of armies" (440).

TRACY E. STREVEY.

Northwestern University.

The Social Life of a Modern Community. By W. Lloyd Warner and Paul S. Lunt. *Yankee City Series,* Volume I. (New Haven: Yale University Press. 1941. Pp. xx, 460. $4.00.)

The Status System of a Modern Community. By W. Lloyd Warner and Paul S. Lunt. *Yankee City Series,* Volume II. (New Haven: Yale University Press. 1942. Pp. xx, 246. $3.00.)

These volumes, the first of a series of six, are the product of an "attempt to use the techniques and ideas which have been developed by the social anthropologists in primitive society in order to obtain a more accurate understanding of an American community" (I, 14). The field of the survey was Newburyport, Massachusetts, and for more than ten years a staff, which at times included thirty workers, probed every phase of the city's life by questionnaire, interview, and other forms of direct observation. An immense amount of factual data was assembled to serve as the raw material for a comprehensive picture of "the total community."

The two volumes before us deal essentially with the constitution and interrelations of classes in Newburyport. After describing their conceptual framework and techniques, the authors proceed to discover the character of class divisions in the city. Discarding *a priori* definitions, they derive six classes from an inductive study of their material. Examination of the penetration of each class into the complex activities—biological, ecological,

religious, associational, and economic—of the community, serves to depict its social characteristics. After this a series of "profiles" describe "how it feels to live in the class system of Yankee City." Volume II deals with interclass relations. From an examination of the "status system" the authors arrive at and describe eighty-nine positions which comprehend all the interconnections of members of the six classes.

Newburyport became the subject of this study because it seemed to the authors "a community with a social organization which had developed over a long period of time under the domination of a single group with a coherent tradition . . . whose Puritan tradition remains unshattered . . . still capable of meeting the crises of modern life without revolutionary adaptations . . . [I, 5], a town whose population was predominantly old American . . . a community . . . which had not undergone such rapid social change that the disruptive factors would be more important than those which maintained a balanced grouping of the members of the society" (I, 38, 77, 213). That the authors "decided to use no previous summaries of data collected by anyone else (maps, handbooks, histories, etc.) until . . . [they] had formed . . . [their] own opinion of the city" (I, 40) explains but does not justify this basic delusion.

There is no need here to point to the economic changes that caused sharp reversals in the social trends of the city at least three times in the last hundred years. But the following table will give a more accurate picture of the "old American" population of Newburyport:

Year	Native Born	Foreign Born
1855	10,844	2,512
1875	10,994	2,303
1895	11,593	2,959
1915	12,028	3,283
1930	12,428	2,548

When one realizes that in 1930 about 40% of the native born had foreign parents, that the foreign birth rate was never lower than the native, and that a constant stream of Yankees was leaving the city throughout the last century, it is clear that the vast majority of the city's residents in 1930 were foreigners or the

descendants of those who had immigrated in the previous nine decades.

The misconception of the city's character arises directly from the inadequacy of the research techniques used. Primitive peoples, the customary subjects of anthropology, have no history, in Lord Raglan's sense. Since their past is not recorded, only their traditions, myths, and rituals can be studied, and these may be examined by direct observation. However, to apply the same tools to the study of a modern society which has a history as well as a tradition produces many tables and charts, but little knowledge. Here the historical past which is beyond the reach of direct observation can be traced, and the realities underlying the myths and forms, ascertained.

Failure to seek these realities results in a consistent tendency to accept uncritically the judgments of Yankee City about itself. The two most fundamental conceptions, class and "ethnicity," are based solely on the community's consciousness. "By class is meant two or more orders of people who are believed to be, and are accordingly ranked by the members of the community, in socially superior and inferior positions" (I, 82, 90). Similarly, since "nativity" is determined not by place of birth, but by the evaluation of one's neighbors, it is even possible to delimit such anomalous categories as "foreign-born natives" (I, 78, 211, 220). The authors are of course free to make any definitions they like. But such groupings obscure some real problems, and at best are merely descriptive rather than analytic. On the basis of such data alone it would be impossible to explain why a person born in England is considered a native while the descendant of an Irish immigrant is not; why a family which made its money in shoes in the Seventies is in a different class from one which made it in trade fifty years earlier.

Finally, the emphasis on subjective judgments often bars verification or proof. The character of the six classes, for instance, is first established by a series of social profiles. The profile does not describe an "actual individual" but rather "is a composite drawing" in which "the lives of several individuals are compressed into that of one fictive person" (I, 127). This, of course, is the technique of the novelist; the Breckenridges and Starrs

of this volume are no more real than the Apleys or Laphams; and as novelists, our authors lack the imagination and insight of Marquand or Howells.

Even within the limitations of its techniques, the execution of the work is disappointing. Warner and Lunt frequently forget that purely quantitative measurements can be misleading. For instance, the eighty-nine social positions discovered in Volume II are based upon an analysis of class membership in some 899 associations. In these computations all associations are counted equally, irrespective of size, age, or function; and membership is treated as if it always had the same meaning. The superficial often overshadows the essential. Thus, the chapter on the control of property (I, 280 ff.) deals only with real estate ownership. And the discussion of the "political structure" (I, 366–370) is limited to the formal organization of the city departments, with no consideration of what actually makes the government run. Apportionment of space is curious and hard to justify. The church is dismissed in four pages, schools in six, politics in seven, and crime in five. In the social profiles, the Upper Upper Class (1.44% of the population) is treated in thirty-three pages, the Lower Upper (1.56%) in twenty-nine, the Upper Middle (10.22%) in seventeen, the Lower Middle (28.12%) in eighteen, the Upper Lower (32.60%) in sixteen, and the Lower Lower (25.22%) in seventeen. A good deal of material creeps in without function, and much of the data is not, as yet, at least, tied together or related. These deficiencies may be remedied in subsequent volumes, but thus far we are too often reminded of Tolstoy's deaf man answering questions no one has asked.

OSCAR HANDLIN.

Harvard University.

Walt Whitman: Poet of Democracy. By Hugh l'Anson Fausset. (New Haven: Yale University Press. 1942. Pp. 320. $3.00.)

This refreshingly new study of Whitman is to be commended as a readable biography combined with adequate literary and social criticism. It is an ideal approach for the general reader, at

the same time comprehensive and reasonably reliable. Its usefulness for specialist or scholar, however, is limited by paucity of "apparatus," and by frequent minor inaccuracies. There is a tendency to overstatement, especially when the author bolsters up his pet social and psychological assumptions. Yet these inadequacies, mostly technical and pertinent to the Whitman researcher alone, are more than outweighed by the pervasive charm and wisdom of Hugh l'Anson Fausset's presentation of the "Poet of Democracy."

Here is stimulating and provocative interpretation of Whitman's work, as well as of his life and his personality. Skillful inferences are drawn concerning influences. Fausset's knowledge of Emerson is frequently played like a searchlight over Whitman, revealing their intimate kinship. There are cogent references to Quakerism. Many of Whitman's shortcomings, especially his exaggerated egotism, are ascribed to Transcendentalism. Its emphasis upon the individual's potentialities gave Whitman such faith in the common man that he believed all Americans could develop eventually a democracy both ideal and practical. Fausset finds this unrealistic.

Whitman is placed in the midst of the thought-stream of his time, usually convincingly. In one respect, however, Fausset fails. He bridles at Whitman's idea of democracy because he misinterprets it as being based merely upon the individualism of the "unregenerate natural man": "Whitman credited the common man with some magic power of changing things . . . merely by being himself. But the ordinary common man was still far from 'being himself' in the degree required to create and maintain an organic society." In his zeal to expound "organic society," Fausset totally and maliciously misunderstands Whitman. He demands that a "new consciousness" be added to "the staunch humanity of the common man." That "new consciousness," attained through self-development rather than by dictatorship, is exactly what Whitman advanced in his "Personalism."

Bronson Alcott and others have been duly noted as initiators of this philosophy,[1] yet the term "Personalism" appears to have

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[1] See Albert C. Knudson, *The Philosophy of Personalism* (New York, 1927), 17–20, and Odell Shepard, *Pedlar's Progress* (Boston, 1937), 494–497.

been adopted by Alcott from Whitman, who probably was the first to use it in America.[2] In answer to Thomas Carlyle's attack on American democracy in "Shooting Niagara," Whitman published a trenchant essay, "Personalism," in *The Galaxy*, May, 1868. When he sent an advance copy to Alcott, Alcott wrote to him:[3]

CONCORD, APRIL 28, 1868

Yesterday came your noble paper on *"Personalism."*[4] . . . Your thought is on the track of empire and sees the route to Personal Powers for the nation as for the individual, and never a people needed more the Cosmic thought to inspire and guide its action.

Alcott had already written to Professor William Russell, January 17, 1868, about a previous broadside against Carlyle, setting forth the political implications of "Personalism," which Whitman had launched in *The Galaxy*, December, 1867, under the title "Democracy":

Try this New Columbus and his discoveries in the Atlantides. You know I, too, have something of the Caledonian lore by descent at least, but question sharply the morals of the Scotch Behemoth at whose sides Walt thrusts his fluked fork, and so can see him sink without pity, much as we admired his gambols once.

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2 Emerson referred to Alcott's "thesis of personality" in 1863 (See *Pedlar's Progress*, 495), but Whitman, so far as I can find, is the first to employ "Personalism" in print, although this has not heretofore been pointed out, I believe.

3 Quotations from unpublished holograph letters of Bronson Alcott are by permission of Mr. Frederic Wolsey Pratt.

4 "Personalism," in the philosophical sense now generally accepted as the specific meaning of the term. This has not heretofore been pointed out, I believe. Edgar S. Brightman, in "The Use of the Word 'Personalism,'" *The Personalist*, III (October, 1922), 254–259, states that the earliest uses of the word he has found in England are those cited in the *New English Dictionary*, *viz.*, in the *Quarterly Review*, "a[*i.e., ante*] 1846"; and in John Grote, *Exploratio Philosophica* (Cambridge, England), 1865. Careful search has failed to identify the general reference to the files of the *Quarterly Review*. Grote uses "personalism" once, in an incidental way, as a random synonym for "idealism," to characterize a purely egocentric or ultra-individualistic point of view, altogether disparate from the connotation of "Personalism" as used by Whitman, Alcott, Borden Parker Bowne, and other recognized "Personalists." The *Dictionary of the American Language* does not list "Personalism."

After this, Alcott consistently called his own philosophy "Personalism." He defined it in his *Table-Talk* (Boston, 1877) as "the dependence of the many on the One," as opposed to mere exalted self-centered individualism. Out of the soil prepared by Emerson and other Transcendentalists had grown this specific system, supplementing hazy idealism with a more practical grasp of the responsibilities of the individual to the group. Whitman's "Personalism," as set forth in the *Galaxy* papers, and in the later *Democratic Vistas* based largely on them, stresses what he termed the "ensemble-Individuality" as the basic structural unit for democracy. His conception is near to what has recently been termed "Organic Pluralism," a pragmatic mean between the extremes of individualism and totalitarianism.[5]

This definite contribution of Whitman toward a solution of the most challenging riddle of the modern world should be properly understood as a corrective to Fausset's biased handling of *Democratic Vistas*, which occupies twelve pages and might be considered the heart of his interpretation of Whitman as the "Poet of Democracy." His persistent misconception of Whitman's "verteber-idea" of a democracy based on the sacredness of the individual enriched by communal consciousness is the gravest fault of his work. It is hard to see how a balanced mind can misrepresent Whitman so obtusely in this fundamental respect, unless the author has a distinct tinge of totalitarianism, or sacerdotalism, or Marxianism, in his thinking. At times he seems to be swayed by each of these, but he fails to "integrate" his own book frankly around any one point of view. What, exactly, would Mr. Fausset propose as a definite alternative to what he calls the "ecstatic loafing" of Walt Whitman—and American democracy?

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[5] This entire subject is handled ably in *Types of Personalism in the United States*, a study in progress by Professor Hiram C. Weld, of Baker University.

As William James Said: A Treasury of his Work. Selected and edited by Elizabeth Perkins Aldrich. With a number of hitherto unpublished drawings by William James. (New York: The Vanguard Press. 1942. Pp. 242. $2.75.)

One of the things meant by James's "pluralism" was the separability of truths. According to the view which prevailed among his favorite adversaries, the absolute idealists, truth consisted of the "coherence" of the parts within the whole. According to the strict letter of this doctrine, you couldn't really know anything without knowing everything. This placed every knower except God in a predicament which he escaped by calling his knowledge "partially" true. James was in no such predicament. There are many truths, each true in itself; and they can be known one at a time. Hence it is possible to assemble a collection of this author's truths without violating the spirit of his philosophy.

This is not the only reason why James lends himself peculiarly well to this mode of presentation. He himself said, "I don't see how an epigram, being a pure bolt from the blue . . . ever gets itself writ." Elsewhere he ascribes this faculty of spontaneity to Darwinian variations, and finds it to be the mark of original minds. With all due modesty (in his behalf), he certainly had that kind of mind himself, together with the concentrated vividness of style necessary to make it effective.

The present attractively printed and skillfully edited volume contains over 450 items of James's wisdom, traversing a wide range of philosophy and life, and arranged under such topics as "The Individual," "The Inwardness of Life," "Heroism and the Gospel of Action," "Friends and Friendship," "Nature," "Travel Notes," "National Traits," "Death and Immortality," "Freedom," and "Reality." The editor wisely makes no attempt to be systematic and exhaustive, but includes and sets down only brief utterances that shine of their own light. James the man is here, as well as his writing. His personal quality is vividly communicated both in the admirable biography and in the selections themselves—his undismayed kindliness, his humor, his feeling for the third dimension of experience, his relish for novelty and change, his peculiar blend of humility and courage.

Only one who is familiar with the immense volume of James's writings and their uniformly high quality can appreciate the skill and restraint, as well as the labor, which the preparation of this volume required. All of the famous things which James said are here, together with many more things which deserve to be famous. The book is timely not only because this is the centennial of James's birth, but because this is a time in which to be reminded that "life . . . must back its ideal visions with the sterner stuff of manly virtue." Whoever would have his Americanism and his humanity rekindled should keep this book near at hand.

RALPH BARTON PERRY.

Harvard University.

Yankee Township. By Carl F. Price. (East Hampton, Connecticut: Citizens' Welfare Club. 1941. Pp. xi, 212. $2.00.)

In the middle years of the twentieth century the forces making for standardization in American life are almost overwhelming. As industrialism, stimulated by war, spreads over the nation, the distinctive patterns of the West and South tend to disappear; the machine dominates more and more the lives of men in those places where the people once thought only in terms of the plantation or the open range. In such a time of drift toward uniformity it is important to emphasize and conserve the individuality of particular communities. Every man lives in a local community. It may be a self-conscious community with roots running deep into the past, or it may be merely an aggregation of men and women who came together yesterday and who have no civic sense or pride. American individualism has traditionally been associated with localism and has expressed itself in a loyalty to and a pride in the local community. Josiah Royce had this fact in mind when he remarked, "We are saved by the community." The battle to preserve a sound individualism in America begins with the campaign to enhance the dignity and to increase the significance of the local community.

Mr. Price in his *Yankee Township,* a study of East Hampton, Connecticut, has demonstrated that history offers the best oppor-

tunity to present to its own people and to outsiders the lineaments of a particular community. He sets forth the traditions of a township in a state that has been undergoing industrialization for more than a century. East Hampton makes bells. But East Hampton as a community has survived industrialism. Mr. Price tells its story, or rather stories, from the time of the aboriginal Wangunks of Pocotopaug to the present. Much of his material is history that has been transmuted into folklore, and the volume should be noted as a contribution to New England folklore. Several of his chapters present narratives of ordinary persons who had extraordinary experiences. One such person was Venture Smith, son of an eighteenth-century African chief and victim of a gang of slavers, who after many adventures in the West Indies and on the continent came to East Hampton to live and there died a freeman, made so by his own purchase, at the age of seventy-seven.

Mr. Price makes the memories of other days part of the living present, and by so doing increases in his own township that sense of the community so important for our day. The publication of the little volume by the Citizens' Welfare Club speaks for itself. There should be more such books, but the authors would do well to aim at simple prose and to avoid the temptation to indulge in fine writing.

RALPH H. GABRIEL.

Yale University.

French Canada and Britain: A New Interpretation. By Arthur Maheux. Translated by R. M. Saunders. (Toronto: The Ryerson Press. 1942. Pp. 121. $1.00.)

Bibliographie Analytique de l'oeuvre de L'Abbé Arthur Maheux. (Quebec, 1943. Pp. 159.)

All competent students of early Canadian history have long since agreed that the temporary military rule established by the British in Canada after the fall of Quebec in 1759, and the governorship of James Murray, mark a period of equitable and humane treatment of the conquered French Canadian population. Murray respected the religious sentiments and the property rights

of the French. His rule was mild, indeed. In spite of instructions "not to admit of any Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction of the See of Rome," the Governor considered it good policy to conciliate Roman Catholic interests. Murray could use the French language, and he understood the French Canadian psychology. He believed the Canadians would prove to be faithful subjects of King George III. He distrusted and disliked the New England traders who swarmed into Quebec and Montreal after the conquest, and he favored the French, even to the extent of deviating considerably from his instructions and from the provisions of the Proclamation of 1763.

These facts are established. They may not be known to the rank and file of Canadians, but they are familiar to present-day historians of Canada. It is impossible, therefore, to regard Abbé Maheux' book as "a new interpretation." The author has added many new details, especially by quoting extensively from the *Papers* of Governor Murray and from his account book. These sources are important and contribute to a better and more complete understanding of Murray's regime, but the main outlines of the story remain substantially as we have known them.

The material in this little volume was first presented as a series of lectures at Laval University, obviously with the intention of cultivating better relations between the English and the French in Canada, and dispelling some of the prejudices derived from Garneau and other earlier French Canadian historians. The author proves conclusively that Governor Murray developed an affection for the French Canadians; that he "never complained of the cold," as his successor did; that he appointed the French to offices; that he respected their customs and their property; and that he conciliated their church, save for the Jesuits, whom he attacked at every opportunity—and unjustly, according to Abbé Maheux. But Murray's plans to propagate Protestantism in Canada are referred to only in passing, and they are dismissed with the suggestion that the Governor probably was not sincere when he formulated them.

The author suggests that Murray's policies might well be "taken as a model by English-Canadians," and serve as a basis for harmony between Canada's two national groups. But the problem is not so simple, nor is it so one-sided. It is far more

complicated now than it was in Governor Murray's time. One would wish that so competent a scholar would direct his talents to a study of French Canadian "isolation," "separatism," or "nationalism," as it developed in the last hundred years, particularly because a study of the attitude and rôle of the Catholic hierarchy in Quebec would bulk very large in such an investigation.

The bibliographical volume gives an annotated list of Abbé Maheux' extensive publications, and a short biographical sketch of the author.

CARL WITTKE.

Oberlin College.

John Woolman: American Quaker. By Janet Whitney. With illustrations by George Gillett Whitney. (Boston: Little, Brown and Company. An Atlantic Monthly Press Book. 1942. Pp. 490. $3.75.)

New England, with her peculiar gift for recognizing intellectual and spiritual greatness, even if belatedly, finally came to appreciate John Woolman, the Quaker mystic and journalist of colonial New Jersey. And having felt the power of his message and the purity of his style, New England has probably done more than any other section to spread his fame. Quaker Philadelphia's editors and publishers, and Quaker London's, for that matter, made Woolman available to the Quaker circle. But New England published his story for all the world to read. First, there was the Whittier edition of the *Journal,* which Osgood printed in Boston in 1871 and reprinted often for the Quaker poet who had caught up Woolman's antislavery mantle. Later came Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Bookshelf, which established Woolman's reputation in the popular-literary world. And now the Atlantic Monthly Press has completed the Woolman picture with this excellent interpretive biography. Janet Whitney's *John Woolman: American Quaker* is an indispensable supplement to the *Journal* for readers of the present day.

Mrs. Whitney, an English-born Friend, whose American Qua-

ker husband illustrates her book, has a real gift for telling a story, for placing a man in his times, and for portraying the progress of his soul. Her John Woolman, saint that he was, is a real human being, and the story of his search for "true Wisdom," which led him to oppose slavery, war, and the greed for gain which is the root of all evil, is as inspiring and as pertinent today as it was for Woolman's generation. One could wish for accuracy's sake that Mrs. Whitney had less of what she calls Woolman's "endearing inaccuracy" in details (400), that she had not put Jonathan Edwards's parish in "Narragansett" (138), and that she had not been taken in by the oft-repeated "Cotton Mather Letter" hoax (the spurious letter of 1682, pretending to report the General Court's instructions to a shipmaster to waylay William Penn on the *Welcome* and sell him and his fellow Quakers into slavery in Barbados (134–135)). More frequent citations for the location of sources in the text and appendices would be helpful. But on the whole, scholars have gained from Mrs. Whitney's new discoveries in delving in the Woolman manuscripts. Others will gain as well, in these times that search the heart, if through her book they may discover, with Woolman, something of "Pure Wisdom" and the "True Harmony of Mankind."

THOMAS E. DRAKE.

Haverford College.

The History of Secondary Education in Kennebec County in Maine. By Raymond Stevens Finley. *University of Maine Studies,* Second series, Number 54. (Orono, Maine: University Press. 1941. Pp. 120. 50 cents.)

This is the tenth of the University of Maine Studies devoted to the history of education in Maine. Like the others it is a master's thesis and was prepared under the direction of Dr. Ava H. Chadbourne, of the School of Education. Thanks largely to Dr. Chadbourne and her students, the State's educational history is being covered thoroughly; and in the course of their research a considerable amount of material is being made available to the general historian. Mr. Finley's study is a definite contribution to

this excellent work. Kennebec County, including as it does a part of the Kennebec valley, is one of the most interesting regions in Maine. It is unfortunate, however, that the writer did not take the entire valley for his field rather than the County, which is only a segment. Had he done so, he might have achieved a unity in which his work is noticeably lacking. In Maine, county lines are of little importance. As far as he has gone, however, he has done a careful, painstaking job. The various stages through which secondary education has passed, from the Latin grammar schools through the academies and on to the modern free tax-supported high schools, are traced clearly. Probably the most interesting and instructive chapters are those devoted to the early academies. There is some particularly good material on the Gardiner Lyceum, a pioneering school in the fields of agricultural and vocational training; on Hallowell Academy, chartered in 1791; on Oak Grove Seminary, the Quaker institution with which Dr. Rufus Jones was associated for many years; and on the Methodist establishment at Kent's Hill.

Certain weaknesses in the study are apparent. Mr. Finley's style is sometimes awkward, rarely clear or forceful. A more serious defect is the failure to show that the evolution of the secondary school system was only one aspect of the growth and development of the region and that it was dependent upon basic economic, political, and social forces. Nothing grows in a vacuum. To students in the field of education, however, and to anybody interested in Maine the work should prove useful.

HAROLD A. DAVIS.

Calais, Maine.

New Hampshire Borns a Town. By Marion Nicholl Rawson. Illustrated by the author. (New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Inc. 1942. Pp. 319. $3.50.)

New Hampshire Borns a Town is "the story of the first hundred "years" of one of the "isolated towns" of New Hampshire, "lying back from the banks of the Connecticut River," east of the "great falls," and south of Mount Ascutney. The introductory chapter is

dated from East Alstead, New Hampshire, but Mrs. Rawson's text refers to her subject simply as "The Town." Her object is by describing the early growth of one community to picture the development of many in the same district, first settled "'round 1760, when ... the French and Indian wars were at an end, and the great forests stood rich with timber and acres, all at last available for making into white men's villages and towns, mills and homesteads." Mrs. Rawson has drawn her materials from one settlement, but most of what she writes of it would apply as well to its neighbors.

The book is less systematic history than a roughly chronological collection of local anecdote, antiquarian lore, and data on customs and conditions of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century village life in New Hampshire. Mrs. Rawson, as she has proved to the delight of many readers of her earlier books, has a shrewd eye for the picturesque and curious, an eager ear for country talk, and an ardent concern for tangible relics of the past, from houses and stone walls to T. D. pipes and medical recipes.

Perhaps now and then her liking for the "quaint" betrays her. The very title of this book will seem to some a useless straining for effect. Her delight in an early misspelling of the name New Hampshire leads her to use it in a way that is annoying and even confusing. The volume opens with "eight tired men" in the woods of "the Province of Newhampshier." Perhaps they did spell the name thus, but if so their invention should be set off by quotation marks, since New Hampshire is the spelling of maps and official documents. Or, at the least, if "Newhampshier" was too fascinating to give up, it might have been consistently used; as it is, its appearance seems to be a matter of the author's whim. On page 202 we read that "the King settled the dispute between the colonies of Massachusetts and Newhampshire." "Newhampshire" comes in again a few lines later. But after a paragraph we find that Vermont "had cast the dust of Newhampshier" from off her feet, and more than half a dozen times on the next page there is the conventional "New Hampshire." Such vagaries in themselves need disturb only proofreaders and pedants, but in this book they are worth notice because they seem to be symptoms of its one serious defect—its emphasis on oddities at the expense, sometimes, of more important things. Events and objects that

are interesting simply because they are unlike what we know today are all very well, but the sober historical student may regret that Mrs. Rawson has not given less space to them in order to make room for more of the essential historical "hows" and "whys" of village life in the New England backwoods.

None the less, the book contains invaluable items for the economic and social historian, and although the interpretation and synthesis may not satisfy him, its pages spread a rich feast for those antiquarians and collectors who delight in anything which was familiar once and is not now. And therefore, the strictures of the scholar are, after all, beside the point since Mrs. Rawson obviously was not writing for him. She has worked for readers who like homeopathic doses of history, and has once again proved her expertness in sugar-coating historical pills. She is not afraid to be sentimental; she makes the most of the romantic possibilities of her theme. No one less skillful than she in using the right method for the effect sought can afford to disparage her method. Even the strict, who deplore such "popularization" as hers, might learn from her ways to make their own more solemn and more "important" lucubrations more intelligible and vivid.

KENNETH B. MURDOCK.

Harvard University.

SHORT NOTICES

Liverpool Transfer Designs on Anglo-American Pottery. By Robert H. McCauley. Introductory note by Walter Muir Whitehill. (Portland, Maine: The Southworth-Anthoensen Press. 1942. Pp. xxii, 150. Thirty-three photogravure plates. $7.50.)

There is a satisfying limitation of the subject-matter in Mr. McCauley's *Liverpool Transfer Designs on Anglo-American Pottery.* Starting with what we might speak of as the "invention" of the process of transferring the design of a copper-plate engraving to the curving surface of pottery in 1752, the Liverpool transfer art thrived for less than seventy-five years, or until about 1825, when dark blue Staffordshire superseded it. Nor is this the only limitation. Mr. McCauley writes only of those Liverpool designs that were made in England for the American trade; and of the finest examples, for the less appreciated ones have long since, through careless handling, been broken.

Designs found on these superior survivors have proved a thoroughly manageable subject. In the middle of the book Mr. McCauley catalogues some hundred and ninety-two distinct drawings that he has found appearing and reappearing in varied combinations. Before and after this useful list are chapters that give great spirit to the whole subject. What the American sailor would buy or leave an order for affords a remarkably clear picture of American patriotic sentiment toward the close of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth. General and President Washington was, of course, the best-seller. But there was a constantly changing demand for other heroes, for sea battles in which the young American Navy was always victorious, for the newly formed union of states, for famous sayings like "Don't Give Up the Ship," and for a few milestones of progress such as the railroad that led from Quincy, Massachusetts, to the sea (four miles away), and the Erie Canal.

The book makes very pleasant as well as very informative reading. Illustrations, type, arrangement, all are excellent and demonstrate that even a relatively inexpensive book may hold fast to the highest standards.

RUSSELL HAWES KETTELL.

I Remember the Emersons. By Mary Miller Engel. (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Press. 1942. Pp. vi, 185. $2.50.)

Mary Miller Engel, double first cousin, twice removed, to Mrs. Emerson, was a yearly guest in the Emerson family from approximately 1885 to 1910. She thus does not remember Ralph Waldo Emerson. A girl in her teens during her most constant residence in the Emerson household, she has little to record beyond domestic details of limited interest to the general (masculine) reader. The book should interest friends of the family, but its value for the student of Emerson, necessarily small, is further reduced by the absence of an index. It contains hitherto unpublished photographs of Ellen and other Emersons.

S. E. WHICHER.

Federalism as a Democratic Process. Essays by Roscoe Pound, Charles H. McIlwain, and Roy F. Nichols. (New Brunswick, New Jersey: Rutgers University Press. 1942. Pp. 90. $1.25.)

The several essays contained in *Federalism as a Democratic Process* were delivered at the recent anniversary celebration of Rutgers University. In the first of them Dean Pound argues that a federal policy is necessarily based on the rule of law. This argument gives him an opportunity to express his well-known fears of the growth of administrative rule. Professor McIlwain discusses the American dominion status argument of 1774, and raises the question whether there is not some possible connection between the British "federal" problem of the eighteenth century and the later development of American federalism. Professor Roy F. Nichols' paper is entitled "Federalism *versus* Democracy, The Significance of the Civil War in the History of United States Federalism," but it deals with the states' rights problem before the Civil War except for a final page containing some not entirely convincing generalizations concerning the extent to which "the federal system as conceived by the makers of the Constitution" is dead. There are two brief commentaries. Professor Coker expresses his doubts whether there is any connection between the dominion status theory and problem and the character of fed-

eral government as it was subsequently developed. Professor Corwin is principally concerned with the defects of Jeffersonian localism, with the desirability of a nationalistic interpretation of the federal structure.

B. F. W.

Henry James. By Lyon N. Richardson. American Writers Series. (New York: American Book Company. 1941. Pp. cxxii, 490. $1.25.)

This latest volume in the American Writers Series follows the pattern made familiar by its predecessors in presenting representative selections from James's criticism and fiction, accompanied by an extensive historical and critical introduction and an admirable bibliography. It is difficult when, by the limitations of space, one's choice is restricted to short stories to convey a just idea of James's peculiar gifts, but Mr. Richardson has succeeded here better than might have been expected; and his selection of critical essays (in particular "The Art of Fiction") could hardly be improved.

CONRAD WRIGHT, JR.

Cape Cod Series, Vol. II: History and Genealogy of the Mayflower Planters and First Comers to ye Olde Colonie. By Leon Clark Hills. (Washington: Hills Publishing Company. 1941. Pp. 284.)

This volume is essentially a series of notes on the family of Stephen Hopkins of the *Mayflower*. Among the genealogical notes are essays, illustrated with maps, on such subjects as the Merchant Adventurers and early Britain. The quality of these is much better than is usually the case in books which have "ye Olde" in the title. It is difficult to judge the quality of the genealogy because the references are postponed to Volume IV, but in general the research, at least on the related families which claim most of this volume, does not appear to have gone beyond the ordinary

printed sources, or to have included some of the more recent of those. Thus Roger Conant is described as having probably come over in the *Ann*, whereas he himself twice gave an earlier date for his arrival. No plan or order is discernible in the volume; fortunately it has an index. In as much as Mr. Hills printed this volume at his own expense, we cannot well take issue with him for making of it a collection of odds and ends which interest him, but we cannot help regretting that he did not devote his time to a genealogy of the standard type.

C. K. S.

Guide to Church Vital Statistics in New Hampshire. The New Hampshire Historical Records Survey, Works Progress Administration. (Manchester. 1942. Pp. viii, 104.)

The State of New Hampshire has been commendably active in the preservation of its vital records. The card index of persons born, married, deceased, or otherwise made matter of record during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, at the capital in Concord, is perhaps without parallel among the states of the Union. Since 1938, moreover, the local Historical Records Survey has published nineteen mimeograph volumes, chiefly inventories of the records of the State, counties, and separate towns. The latest, and the one of most immediate interest to present and former residents of New Hampshire, in this era of increasing state and federal registration and classification, is a guide to the baptismal, marriage, and death records preserved by the various churches, in so far as they have been reported. Names of the individual churches, living and defunct, years for which vital records are extant, and the persons or repositories in whose charge they may be found and consulted are included, as are also a good index and a supplementary list of churches not reporting. An introduction briefly sketches the order of appearance of the separate denominations. Thumbing through the lists in older and newer towns in different sections brings out further interesting details of denominational history. One is reminded particularly that in New Hampshire, as in Maine, the Episcopalian worship

antedates the Puritan Congregational, that the Roman Catholics have spread widely since 1850, and that the Episcopal and Catholic churches have kept their vital statistics the most carefully. The Introduction closes with the gratifying remark that "It is not generally the custom in New Hampshire to charge for copies of church vital records."

M. E.

Index to Early American Periodical Literature, 1728–1870: Part I, The List of Periodicals Indexed. (New York: Pamphlet Distributing Company. 1941. Pp. 12. Thirty-five cents.)

New York University Index to Early American Periodical Literature, 1728–1870: No. 4. Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1803–1882. (New York: Pamphlet Distributing Co. 1942. Pp. 40. $1.50.)

These two important pamphlets are part of the first fruits of a Works Projects Administration project instituted in 1934 under the direction of Professor Oscar Cargill and transferred after five years to the care of the New York University Library at Washington Square. The two other issues are periodical bibliographies of Poe and Whitman. The first number, with a brief introduction by Miss Nouvart Tashjian, now in charge of the project, is a list of 339 periodicals, with their dates, selected from those published in the present United States up to 1870. This will prove indispensable to the student of American literary history. The bibliography of periodical literature dealing with Emerson, with a preface by Miss Tashjian and a foreword by Professor Nelson F. Adkins, is drawn from the New York University Library's huge index of over a million cards. It is divided into Sections i, ii, and iii, poems, prose writings, and book reviews by Emerson; iv and v, reports of lectures, and reviews of works by Emerson; vi, reviews of works which Emerson edited or contributed to; vii and viii, signed and anonymous articles about Emerson; ix, reviews of books about Emerson; and x, poems about Emerson. In Sections vii and viii, brief comments on the nature of articles about Emerson will prove helpful to the casual student. "English

articles appear only as they have been reprinted in American periodicals . . . comparatively recent articles are excluded if they do not refer to periodicals indexed for the Periodical Index Project."

M. E.

ROBERT E. LEE ARCHIVES

The Board of Trustees of Washington and Lee University has recently established the Robert E. Lee Archives as a division of the new Cyrus Hall McCormick Library. It is proposed to make the school which Washington endowed and to which Lee gave the last five years of his life a national repository of source material concerning the entire life of Robert E. Lee. Washington and Lee already owns four thousand manuscript items concerning Lee's life, and its collection of Lee books, pamphlets, and pictures is large. The most improved methods of cataloging manuscripts have been adopted.

To aid in this work a national advisory committee of prominent scholars and public men is being formed. Dr. W. G. Bean is Chairman of the local committee, and Dr. Allen W. Moger of the history faculty has been made Lee Archivist. He will attempt to locate and secure other original manuscripts, photostats, and copies of original Lee items. It is particularly hoped that the numerous admirers of General Lee who possess individual letters to or from him will realize that the Robert E. Lee Archives at Lexington, Virginia, is the appropriate place where they will be preserved for posterity.

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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

FREDERIC IVES CARPENTER has been a frequent contributor to the *New England Quarterly*.

MISS LOUISE DAUNER, recently of the faculty of Butler University, is now a graduate student at the State University of Iowa.

MR. CHARLES A. MADSION, author of a projected book on American rebels and reformers, is college editor of Henry Holt and Company.

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CORRECTIONS FOR JUNE, 1942

Page 268, line 34, for *boutnifully*, read *bountifully*.

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF MARCH 3, 1933

Of the *New England Quarterly* published quarterly at Orono, Maine, for October 1, 1942
State of Maine } ss.
County of Penobscot }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Milton Ellis, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Managing Editor of the *New England Quarterly* and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Name of—	*Post office address—*
Publisher, The University Press	Orono, Maine
Editor, Arthur M. Schlesinger	415 Widener Library, Cambridge, Massachusetts
Managing Editor, Milton Ellis	200 Stevens Hall, Orono, Maine
Business Managers, None.	

2. That the owner is: the *New England Quarterly* is promoted by the Board of Editors, and supported by Donors, whose names appear on every issue.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statments embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date above is: Not required. Milton Ellis, *Managing Editor.*

Sworn to and subscribed before me this twenty-second day of September, 1942.

Irving Pierce, *Notary Public* (My commission expires December 31, 1943.)